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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JULY 1995 \$2.50

Beach Culture

Welcome, Chalk People, to the coolest scene in America





GUESS
BY
GEORGES MARCIANO



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You used to have heroes.
Posters on the wall of your room.
You collected the cards.
You wore the jersey.
You memorized the stats.
One time, in a hotel lobby,
you even got an autograph.
But then, one day,
when you weren't looking,
you grew up.
You got wise.
Cynical.
Jaded.
Sports heroes are for kids.
You left all that stuff behind.
Your mom threw out your cards.
The autograph faded.
The jersey shrunk.
And your room
was converted into a den.
But you still know the stats.
And you still watch the games.
And sometimes you even get chills.
Because some where inside,
you're still a kid.
And somewhere inside,
you know that's okay.
And you wear the jersey.
And you look for the autograph.
And you remember the smell of the game
on the chalky cards.
And you play catch with your son,
thinking of heroes.
JUST DO IT.



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Red Galaxy 54, Air Star 137FL, and King Galaxy 24, Air Star 137FL

Esquire

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(Largest Member)

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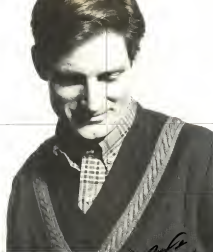
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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Sex at Harvard

THANKS TO LARRY DUNFORD for a look at the mating habits of an elite world ("Sleeping with the Enemy," April). Perhaps only at Harvard would loose open dating be considered taking sex seriously.

—MICHAEL TROTMAN
Northampton, Mass.

ELIZABETH STAFFORD and her friends may be representative of one segment of the Harvard female population but they by no means represent Harvard women in general. The majority of Harvard women I know are self-confident, directed, and consumed with academic and extracurricular matters that do not revolve solely around themselves and their sexuality. I wish Lynn Dunfords' column had not led her to disparage "the jocks in Radcliffe House" and "the preppies in Illion," who just may not be so confused.

—LEON DUBOIS
Cambridge, Mass.

THE YOUNG HARVARD WOMAN who can't see how it is possible to go back to any sexual room should be appalled at the following: Many young men and women will fall in love at Harvard this spring, meet till and so on. Many will enjoy the experience more in the past of enjoying it. Because some men are rich, or famous, or sexually misadjusted, some women will be raped. But to conclude that love is impossible because every man is a potential rapist, not sexual politics, is silly.

—BET KOLLETT
New York, NY

Breaking with Tradition

IT WAS SUCH A GREAT STORY ("How to Win Friends and Throw Up in People," by George Kolodnikov, April), and I remembered the walk-to-work detour and garbage I saw during those annual seminars when I lived in Fort Lauderdale. Then I went to my volunteer job at Habitat for Humanity and found six fast young men who were spending their Easter break from college building houses for the poor in

Alabama, they donated their beer money to the Habitat cause. More, that is worth an August story.

—NICHOLAS GILBERT
Atlanta, NY

UMass Appeal

YOUR APRIL ARTICLE on the University of Massachusetts, "Believe, Believe, No, Red Poof, Bowdoin, Duck by Fox and Gator," by Paul Krugman, is clear and concise, like a machine gun, beginning with the photograph that identifies one of our academic buildings as the residence hall profiled in the story. Krugman equates public university residents townships with prisons (private schools don't have bag-in/out) and says our academics should identify with kids in housing projects who are "isolated" and "largely ignored." But let's tell 99 percent of Kennedy's students and they liked living in the tower. Why? Kennedy offers a faculty member as resident, an artist as resident, a performance club, soundproof music room, beach club, and much more.

—KAREN SULLIVAN
Director, News Office
University of Massachusetts
Amherst, Mass.

Roseanne's New Man

WE'RE AFRAID I'M NOT CONVINCED, Tim Arnold replied in "Tim Arnold and the Little Women," by Michael Angelo (April). That's how I lost the seventy pounds. According to Robin Allen I, Franklin, who converted Arnold to Judaism, "Before Judaism does not require circumcisions and—most important—circumcision for conversion do not choose to have a Jewish match." Tim Arnold's new compact figure has nothing to do with Jewish tradition. We probably discovered that "to subside is to begin."

—MARJORIE WOLFE
Rome, NY

Voice for Balance

THE OBSERVATION THAT WOMEN can be as aggressive as men made by E. Jean Carroll in her poem "Love in the Time of Magic" (April), is fairly startling. What is

surprising is Eugene's stereotypical portrayal of Black women as oversexed "bitch"—a depiction that was used to justify the raping of black women throughout slavery and is used today to explain the huge number of abortions born to single mothers. I subscribe to your magazine because I believe it is important to understand the thinking of the white American male after I write this letter because it is also important to understand the thinking of a black American woman.

—J. M. ADAMS
New York, NY

Fashion Victims

A FASHION ADVISER QUESTION for all those designing duds ("Designer Goss," April). Children are certainly this year's hot accessory, but what do I do with the pretty little things when they are no longer in vogue? I've thought I'd either store them in the basement with the blackboard or just put them out with the trash.

—L. A. MONTAGNINI
Montgomery, Idaho

Oh, Brother!

HAVE I MENTIONED I've wanted to tell for a long time about your food and travel correspondent and my younger brother or John Marston. His article on a vegetarian restaurant ("Is It Just Eating Green," May), in which he boldly recommends an exotic array of green, leafy, body-purifying dishes, has prompted me to come forward and tell you this. My brother was the first person on the neighborhood—this was back around 1990—on my street chosen for the title of Talk about stupid people. We should have known even then that John was destined to push the edge of the culinary envelope.

—ROBERT MULLINS
Richfield, Mass.

ROBERT'S NOTE: In answer to our *Playa* performance question (May) our readers confirm that the vocal sensation Griffin Mill in Robert Almaraz's film *The Playa* belongs to Phil, the angry cataloger at David Robinson's record, played by Bruce Campbell.

Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address and daytime phone number to: The Sound and the Fury, *Playa*, c/o Broadway, New York, NY 10013. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

IF THE PREVIOUS DECADE is any indication, the neophyte fiction writer is young and glamorous, a marketing dream whose fresh-scrubbed face and up-to-the-minute attitude often attract more attention than his or her prose.



Art Braverman

And why not? The books, the movies, and especially the attitude add. Who could blame publishers for falling all over themselves to woo young writers and be the first to pursue their instant dreams of adolescent stardom? In the severely rash, however, they too frequently turn the pages out of the hands of author women before their sentences had reached well-achieved.

Which brings us to the next-most common-making issue (starting on page 31) and the debut of three original authors who've spent years inventing—and crafting—their minds: **TRICK FARRIS**, **TIMOTHY JACOB**, and **KEVIN CARTER** are hardly puzzled, but they're not good-looking either. At thirty-five, Farris is the belle of the city. Carter is thirty-nine and Jacob is slightly less so. (Their love appeal with their names.)

What led us to these young writers, who are fast to become to be heralded voices in American fiction? According to Literary Editor **WILL BURTON**: "They've lived long enough—maybe even hard enough, to have something considerable to say, and they have the chops to say it well."

Right put the women together with Fiction Editor **KEVIN HILL** and Fiction Assistant Editor **ANNE MARSHALL**. It took **MICHAEL ANGELO** five months to explore the classic beachside world of "Beach Culture" (page 31). The happen scene in **ANGEL'S** words took him to California, Hawaii, Oregon, and then to that burgeoning tropical paradise, Toronto. The goody-footed **ANGEL** also spent some time in the water. "In Malibu, I got that queer feeling right before I popped in the ocean," he says. "Then I realized it was the pollution in the air."

Accompanying **ANGEL'S** attack are two approaches by **ART BRAVERMAN**, who has worked for **Esquire** magazine for twenty-three years and is a big tuba in his own right. Just how has the sport changed in Braverman's time? "Well, there's the money," he says. "The clothing, the books, the travel, the money."



Marketa Szepietowska

MARKETA SZEPIETOWSKA has made a career out of investigating the world's most celebrated reporters, delivering weekly **Herald's** methods for us to November 1981, this month, trying to separate the facts from the legend of Bob Woodward (*Philadelphia*, page 33). Twenty years after breaking **Watergate**, what secrets is **Ammonia** still in

most powerful today? As **Esquire** Marketa soon discovered, "trying to see Woodward Woodward" is nearly impossible. Not that **Esquire** Marketa is a sleuth she was recently awarded one of the prestigious **Alma Patterson Fellowship**.

While the rest of the country decides if it needs **Ross Peres's** own cover (a conservative op-

inion), the folks in **Texas** have already made up their minds, reports **MARK HILL**. "There's a lot of solid interest for him in Dallas," Hill says of the billionaire he calls "Barro Man" (page 34). "But it's also quite hot." Still, who has contributed to **Esquire** Monthly since about **Franklin D. Roosevelt** for **Yankee** and **The New York Times**.

The way **BRITNEY SHERIDAN** sees it, the golden years are, in fact, pretty rusty. In "The Truth About Growing Old" (page 35) **Sheridan** reveals what you may not want to hear—assuming you've got your hearing on everything from women to the **Goodwill** Dead. What makes **Sheridan** particularly gratifying for us is that she's one of our own, having been an editor here in the **States** and early **Seventies**. "You know the old man about being only as old as you feel?" he asks. "Well, it's true. I feel like this guy. A grateful guy of course."



David Selzer

When **David Selzer** says with **Burton** that, the reveal in being the **Los Angeles** of pop music, but all that's changed since then, as **David Selzer** says, "the book's gone the way of an old man, Culture Club." These days, the **Lennon** book isn't nearly as important (either as best as her new album, "The Second Act of Anne Lennon," page 36). Great a great culture in **Manhattan**, is the author of the novel **Jerome**, which was recently published in paperback (**Vintage**).

This month we welcome **WILLIAM BRYANT JR.** back to the magazine after a five-year absence. A Vietnam veteran, Bryant wrote the remarkable **Esquire** cover story "Why Men Love War" that led to his book **Warriors in Arms**. He has enjoyed a short-lived career in journalism (he is the founding editor of **Time** Monthly) and was the editor in chief at **Newsweek** and **Esquire** (he was the co-creator of **China Beach**). In late April, Bryant was at work on a new series about **South-Georgia L.A.** when the racing began, and his dispatch from the streets appears on page 37. "Television opened the Homecoming Network," he says of the media coverage. "That national atmosphere was fed by TV."

Finally, faithful readers of the month take note. This is the last month that **ELLEN FAIRER** name will appear. After thirteen years at **Esquire**, during which she rose from fact checker to managing editor, **Ms. Fairer** is leaving to take the managing editor at **Hager's** **Senior**. We wish her all the best at



William Bryant Jr.



Mark Hill

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Marijuana

IN TERRY SOUTHAM'S CLAIMING SHORT STORY "Red One Marijuana," a kindly Negro landlady discusses the pleasures of marijuana with a twelve-year-old boy. The boy asks, "How come it's against the law if it's so all-fired good?" The landlady replies, "It's cause a man an too much when he go high. I tell you they's a lotta smoke 'n' buy go on in the world. They's a lotta ole bull-crap go on in the world. Well, a man go high, he are right through all them tricks an' he, an' all that ole bull-crap."

As it happens, most of the laws pertaining to marijuana are themselves finer examples of that ole bull-crap. A case in point is the recent decision of the U.S. Public Health Service not to supply marijuana to people suffering from cancer, glaucoma, multiple sclerosis, or AIDS. The government contends that marijuana has no medical value, which upsets the clinicians that marijuana "is one of the safest drugs ever used by man," which comes from the Drug Enforcement Administration's own administrative judge. It also denigrates a nationwide poll of cancer specialists in which 90 percent said they would prescribe marijuana if it were legal, and 44 percent admitted they had already recommended it. In other words, the government policy has little to do with medicine and everything to do with bull-crap.

There is nothing mysterious about that American official attitude toward psychoactive drugs has always constituted a measure of paternalistic concern. For people realize, however, that racial prejudice played a fundamental role in the formation of early opposition to these drugs. Chinese laws were passed in the 1800s not to deal with an opium problem but to harass Chinese immigrants who worked for low wages and were falsely rumored to arrive when women into their opium dens. Cocaine was not considered a menace until the smiling crusader Hamilton Wright clamped in 1914 that it was the direct cause to the crime of rape by the Negroes. As for marijuana, hostility against it began to take shape in the next two decades,

long before most Americans even knew what it was, because of rumors that sensory stimulants were being used in Mexico in the Southwest, "blunkies" in San Francisco, Spanish in New York, urban blacks, and jazz musicians. The 1931 song "Smoke! Smoke!" caught the spirit with the lines "It's the kind of stuff that doctors made didn't the thing that white folks are afraid of."

Taking this fear to the next level, the commissioner of the Redding Federal Narcotics Bureau, Harry J. Anslinger, promoted the idea that marijuana caused violent behavior and should be not be used. One of his favorite plays was to recall that the disheveled Aztec, a bloodthirsty truth-telling priest, son, committed desert and heinous murders while drunk on hachich, which of course is made from the resin of marijuana. Anslinger made the poignant observation that the Aztec word *hachich* ("hachich" means) is the origin of our word *asshole*. His etymology is accurate, but his version of the tale is not. As originally told (by Marco Polo), the leaders of the Aztecs practiced his men that if they died in service to him, they would go to heaven, he gave them a feast of hachich by letting them have a bit of hachich. Later, motivated by the pleasure they had sampled, the Aztecs fearlessly performed one the most dangerous measures—muzzled.

As often happens when the bull-crap piles up too high, someone comes along and turns a bit of a story to suit the New York Academy of Medicine reported that marijuana was relatively harmless, not physically addicting, and did not lead to crimes of violence. A 1961 White House drug conference called the hazards of grass

NATURE'S WAY BY ARNOLD ROTH



"coagulated," and a 1970 presidential commission recommended its decriminalization. The current World Medical Association fears that marijuana causes serious side effects, reporting that there is "little evidence of today's damage even among relatively heavy users," and adding that "the chief opposition to the drug comes on a moral and political, and not a toxicologic, basis." (The author of the World entry, pharmacology professor John F. McGee, concedes that smoke can damage the lungs and that lighting it is only negligible risk without raising the level of THC in the blood. Thus, his advice to pot smokers: "Don't hold your breath.")

In fact, the medical and the politicians have only made matters worse. Through their internalized drug war, they have forced officials to actually harm marijuana to the less bulky manner casual smokers, that driving up the price of marijuana and trapping customers—especially young

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PHIL PATTON *Design*

The Great V-8 Lives

Fork variations exist and freedom from outside," said early customer of Henry Ford's first V-8 wrote him, "the Ford has got every other car dished."

"Even if my business hasn't been strictly legal," Clyde for now says as, finally pressure in his elbow, "it don't hurt anything to tell you what a fine car you got in the V-8."

Speed and freedom—that's been the traditional appeal of the V-8. But the V-8 now is under stress on another implicit conviction: Power is heavy and heavy power is slow.

But the V-8 now is under stress on another implicit conviction: Power is heavy and heavy power is slow. But the V-8 now is under stress on another implicit conviction: Power is heavy and heavy power is slow.



Big V: Ford's 32-valve V-8 is a real power plant.

At last, since Cadillac had Hollywood photographer Bruce Brich to show engines for

years, powered new V-8s in the General auto show. Cadillac's sleek and sleek design was by Northeast, directly in the Atlantic, across the hill at the El Dorado and Nevada, crossing the company's conviction in quality and technology. And on the second anniversary of the introduction of old Henry's new V-8 Model A, Ford unveiled a high-tech 32-valve for the 32 Mark VII, along with a newly polished engine for the new Mustang Cobra.

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GAS ART: A. M. Gaudin's 1997 Ford billboard, now in MeMA.

dreams and power plants. And they're, for sure, the most powerful, top of a Corvette in terms of horsepower, the sort of raw power they look different too.

"Motors have architecture," says Bob Wingo, one of the engineers who worked on Cadillac's Northeast. "It's like Frank Lloyd Wright: deciding what to put the building" like the North star, the engine was a new model for them. He managed to work the engine, on which the

Northeast does, into the "valley" of the V and turned the whole thing sideways. It was a cool, magnificent craft, which leads to the open lens of machinery that a steady machine of power.

The Mercedes V-8 and the new BMW eight are topped with similar Euro-cool, suggesting the steady spirit of a Corvette. "There," said one Detroit sign near when he got a glimpse of them, "motors engine designed in a vacuum design."

TELEVISION

What's on Second

WHEN HBO aired its venerable baseball documentary *When It Was a Game* last July, the never-before-seen home movies of old players and great (missing) ones had people drew back standing O's that didn't take the wisdom of *Strong* to figure out another one was on deck. When *It Was a Game II*, premiering this month, offers vintage footage of young players as aging Babe Ruth, young Mickey Vernon and the magnificent unknowns of Ted Williams. It's a movie you want to see your eyes open.

SPLENDOR ON THE GRASS: Ted Williams in play when it was a game.



When I first fantasized about getting into the wine business, I thought it would be just like a commercial. But then I realized what you expect from an executive creative director? I saw myself walking through vast vineyards in slow motion. Holding my grapes up to the sun. And this regal music would be everywhere. I was at, and opened the worst wine producing winery in two years just trying to make it. Because we produce a really nice Merlot, and a silver at the San Francisco Wine Festival? I don't know. Maybe I got nostalgic for the life I had as a kid. Always outside. We lived in our jeans and T-shirts and Chucks. And they did. Like around got

Aaron Copeland

Anyway, I left the ad agency, bought a winery on fifteen acres of the property on Long Island. I spent the first two years just trying to overcome my own ignorance. And I guess we produce a really nice Merlot, and a silver at the San Francisco Wine Festival? I don't know. Maybe I got nostalgic for the life I had as a kid. Always outside. We lived in our jeans and T-shirts and Chucks. And they did. Like around got

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M A N A T H I S B E S T

HARDWARE

Now You See It



BASIC BLAZER Touring binos by Elan Oldenburg.

IT TOOK ELAN OLDENBURG

a decade to realize his idea for a sculpture in the form of a giant pair of binoculars—an almost archaic, pulpit shape that has changed little from the field glasses through which General Bragg



Optics' 10-inch version with a materialized, push-button view and auto-reflection lenses, \$295.

looked onto Frank Gehry's new office for Chan/Doy/Mayo Advertising, real binoculars have changed. While Oldenburg was blowing binoculars up to monumental scale, binocular makers were devising their own device packages of high technology.

Today there is a binocular for every pocket and purpose from looking to what one firm elliptically refers to as a "small lenser." Nikon's pocket models put two simple tubes into a container. The expensive ridge of the Nikon Monarch series suggest the grip of a glad-handing body builder. Copstar's Look binocs with motor-driven focusing resemble a Jacques Cousteau submarine.

Most of all, though, binoculars look like *Scarsense* cameras—you as cinematic film and electronic cameras come to resemble binoculars. With such features as antireflective coatings, adjustment windows, and focus lock, top-of-the-line binoculars work like sophisticated cameras. Minolta's Autocolor models feature the same electronic sensors found in that company's Minolta cameras. All the new binoculars look like film, you bring the scene.

—PHIL PAVONI



The Nikon 7200 Argonite 8x, with its nearly binocularized ergonomics, is nearly all glass at every or built into, \$175.

What's left? Minolta's new aluminum "film" model? Indeed, looking is waterproof and rugged. \$185.



Minolta's 10-inch sculpture is a single lens-reflex camera without the film—the sculpture is \$1,545.

The new Buick Skylark. Right from the start, it stops the imports.

A costly option on most imports, anti-lock brakes are standard on Skylark.

You can't put a price on safety. Which is why anti-lock brakes, one of today's most important automotive safety features, are standard equipment on every 1992 Skylark.

On most imports in Skylark's class, you'll have to pay around \$1,000 extra for an anti-lock brake system. And the new Skylark comes with GM's advanced ABS VI, the safety feature.

Automobile Magazine named 1992's Technology of the Year.

Quality That Lasts

All of Skylark's exterior panels are made from 2-side-galvanized steel for maximum corrosion resistance, and are protected by a 6-year/100,000-mile

rust-through warranty.*

Fuel-Efficient Fun

The 1992 Skylark is powered by a new Quad OHV 2.3-liter engine, or by an available 3300 V6. Either way, it's still economical to operate. With an EPA-estimated 25 miles per gallon city and



31 miles per gallon highway, the Quad OHV-equipped Skylark gets better gas mileage than Honda Accord or Toyota Camry.

Visit your Buick dealer for a test drive. You'll see how, right from the start, the all-new Skylark stops the

imports. Order more information, please call 1-800-435-5582.

*The rust-through warranty is limited to the body panels. It does not cover the engine, transmission, drivetrain, chassis, or other mechanical components. See dealer for restrictions and details. Limited to original owner only.

†Based on a comparison of EPA-estimated 25/31/33 mpg city/hwy/combined for 1991 Buick Skylark.



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| Mercedes 600 | Optional | \$1,150 | \$15,400 |



JOHN MARIANI: Eat and Run

Red Hot in Houston

CITY OF THE Big Man, Houstonians call Dallas "A nice place to live if you happen to be a nerd or a divorce lawyer." But in 17 years of Houston, *At its essence*, I say dear of such opinions, but when it comes to restaurants, I must count down on the side of Houston. Deluxe rooms like Tony's and Brennan's are again drawing the kind of attention that any restaurant would kill to attract, and just try to get into *Cherry's DTV* that this season. The barbers are still in the air. *Goodie Company* and *Offit's*, the new of which still make it *Wink's*, and the new food can be the best at *This is It*.

But it's the number of new restaurants that show how Houstonians have dug them

salon out of the economic blues, nowhere more glamorous than at *Gato Arriba*, where Robert DeLuca's restaurant to define the best modern, sophisticated, cooking. The *Blue Water Grill* has brought the city Pacific Rim seafood. *Vincenzo's* is doing seafood, succulent roasted chicken and garlic roasted potatoes, and the best thing, blue jeans in Houston are crowding into *Third Coast* for dinner. Home grub like meat loaf, chili-diced onion soup, and soft-shell-crab per bops. Day of all the new places in town, four stand out and, for us, prove Houston's new-found gastronomic class, complete with Texas swagger.

Cafe Niche. Here, around Bill Sailer is doing the kind of regional Mexican food you rarely see in Houston, where the Tex-Mex appetite is all-consuming. This freshly discovered bar and cafe on the city's new restaurant row will make you rethink your fondness for the cowboy platter after you taste the Texan tomato soup, chili in walnut sauce, sautéed ribs, Texas in garlic butter, and



BILL SAILER: Going way beyond the cowboy platter at Cafe Niche

Texas isn't just hot, up your imagination on the peninsula. *Adrian* 1400 Montrose, telephone 753-5914-9494.

La Griglia. This is the fourth restaurant run by the formidable Tony Valone, whose Tony's is in Houston, where La Griglia is in New York. That one has created a hot, bustling, colorful dining hall that even on slow nights requires an hour's wait for a table. Don't leave. Make a reservation, check out the menu at the bar (you've never seen such soft women), then settle down to some spectacular Italian food like artichokes stuffed with crawfish and lentils, amazingly flavorful language with chicken, shrimp, and salmon with vermouth, perfect baby lamb from a major restaurant, and the best steaks in Texas. 2000 West Gray, 250-4900.

Chermusse. Chermusse made an incredible reputation serving Israeli-American grills with succulent sides, and the

menu has never been better before for them. The menu is such as mutton, chef-owner Michael Cardia has added seafood. More he makes an omelette over corn lumpy and serves them with a sauce of quail bones and thick pepper. Instead of shrimp with plum sauce, shrimp is a delicious dressing, and other grills laughably with shrimp, lamb, spinach, artichoke, salmon, sea bass, and 1400 Westheimer, 753-5914-9494.

La Mesa. For decades Houstonians happily satiated on food, which, food, shrimp and food, which used Arturo Borda's menu for years on seafood in the beautifully designed, watercolor restaurant, which, like all the best restaurants in town, is an in an upscale shopping mall. Borda loves his flavors but never lets them mask the essential taste of his seafood, so in grills 1400 Westheimer, 753-5914-9494.



CAMPARI

THE APERITIF

In Europe, there is an important drink, tradition serving the meal with an aperitif. The best known and best loved aperitif in the world is Campari, which began it all in Italy in 1860. Campari is a unique blend of herbs, spices and herbs - has a distinctive taste which perfectly balances bitter and sweet. It appears to all the senses from its tangy complex taste

to its beautiful ruby red color. Campari cleanses and refreshes the palate, enhancing the flavors of food and wine that follow. Light and flavorful, Campari is the perfect choice to enhance any social or business occasion. Enjoy with a splash of soda, with orange juice, or on the rocks with a dash of orange and celebrate "the spirit of Italy."

Japanese Seize Java!

JAMAICA BLUE MOUNTAIN may be the world's best coffee, it is virtually the most expensive. The Japanese, you see, have discovered coffee, and the beans they crave must be JBM. Thanks to strategic investments in Jamaican plantations and trade agreements, they have cornered 75 percent of the supply. And now that U.S. prices have jumped to top a pound, drinking or selling blue Mountain has become tempting, says Jamaica trade chief Derrick Cox. Buyer beware: Ask to see an official import certificate.

PAUL SCHNEIDER House Hunting

A Brownstone in Brooklyn



NEXT STOP, MANHATTAN: Why are you can't have a nice house in a nice block in the concrete jungle of New York City?

THE PLACE: New York, New York. Specifically, one day from Manhattan to Brooklyn Heights, a neighborhood as pure as hill, creeked, oakland, and downriver. Slightly it could be in Minneapolis.

THE ADVANTAGE: Not every brownstone was created equal. The differences are in the details, which most buyers prefer to be Victorian. For those who find brownstones too thin, too dark, or too full of room, or for those who have a fondness for doorman, there are scattered prewar apartment buildings.

WHO'S MOVING IN? An influx of formerly childless, downtown-like inhabitants who have suddenly discovered the joy of walls. And some who've planned for years to trade up to the Heights but have only recently found a buyer for the amazing place in the brownstone neighborhood that was supposed to have been gratified by spit and wax.

WHO'S CLEANING OUT? Some who came with fewer than two kids because the local private schools—St. Ann's, Peter-rose—may avoid the real suburbs have now decided that with more than two kids and

room at around \$200 a year, it makes sense to go public in Connecticut.

WHO'S IT GOOD? You can go lower, but a decent one-bedroom apartment starts around \$50,000. Add \$20,000 for each additional bedroom, \$20,000 for a doorman. The rock bottom for a complete brownstone—1,500-4,500 square feet on three or four floors—that needs work is \$250,000, but it just is spread at least \$50,000 more. Because renovation costs didn't fall along with real estate prices, the smart want houses that don't need work. A garden in back will add less than you might think, since most houses

have them. The neighborhood joke about the brownstone with a parking space is that the house sold for \$200,000, the space for \$50,000. Actually, in the promenade, so you can see your Manhattan office from your bedroom. There's a question and up.

BRONX'S NEXT GOOD: Much of what can be found in Brooklyn Heights—except

the promenade, the view, and the water—can be found for 50 percent off in nearby Cribble Hill.

THE BOTTOM LINE: "The market has turned," says one agent, "but not quite around." Prices are down by a quarter—more for studios and one bedrooms, less for three bedrooms and houses—than the days when good was good. But the overall slide has stopped, and there have even been sporadic bidding wars on the best values.

WHO'S BE HUNG? More people shop for houses on weekend afternoons, which happens to be when Brooklyn Heights is at its best. But before you leave the man or best for good, go to Brooklyn in the evening and imagine yourself already at home, wondering plans to turn old friends back as the city for dinner and a movie. Go again at 8:30 on a Monday morning and picture getting on the subway on the last stop before everyone starts getting off. You may love it.

THE LISTING

Worship 1980s brownstone in impeccable condition on a corner lot, one block from the promenade, four from the subway. Garden in back, three to front. Asking: \$795,000. Source: Karla J. Calabrese Realty, Brooklyn Heights.

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK TIMES PHOTOS BY



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AMERICAN SCENE: WILLIAM BROYLES JR.

Letter from L.A.



THE IMAGES on television scar into some fright-response region of the brain: fires, looting, anarchy. At the corner of Florence and Normandie, in the heart of South-Central, a white truck driver is beaten almost to death. The city panics. Fistfights break out as fleeing BMWs clog the Pacific Coast Highway. Car phones overload. Spago closes. Starlin abandons a perfect south swell.

"This isn't L.A., this isn't L.A.," a doctor friend from Milbu says over and over. Oh, but it is. I know one of the gang members I see screaming on TV. The last time I visited his house, his mother came home from work, told her children to do their schoolwork, then sat on her front porch to relax—with a 30 police squad in her lap. While we sipped iced tea, gunfire rang out down the street. What happens in on television she lives with every day. For a time, at least, L.A. is South-Central, a city of ordinary people caught in a war zone.

For more than twenty years, this war has raged between gangs like real local militias, with their own hierarchies, uniforms, and culture. So far it has been less about race than about power, respect, and revenge. One of the deadliest gang rivalries began over a perceived insult to a girl whose name no one remembers anymore. It's not just bloods against Crips now. There aren't enough bloods to go around, so Crips go to war with other Crips; neighbors become enemies. A gang banger's manner, speech, dress, and actions—even his car—are all part of an elaborate set of rituals that convey status and respect, and respect is worth dying for. The riots that followed the Rodney King verdict brought these gang wars to an uneasy truce; for now, at least, the police are just another enemy. Though their codes and uniforms set them

apart, their daily battles against gangbangers have the same goal: respect. Born before the verdict, King's case had crippled the police's traditional, righteous methods. "All we get now are citizen complaints," Sergeant David Niles of the 77th Division told me as he patrolled near Florence and Normandie a few months ago. "You look at someone firing you get a 10. And there goes that promotion. So maybe you pull back the next time, maybe you don't get quite as aggressive. And they know it."

Another cop expressed it even more graphically: "There were, what, eight hundred gang killings last year? Almost three people a day wasted by these animals. We're at war down here. You go out and think today might be the day you don't get home. Then a few cops beat up one guy on videotape and the whole world goes crazy. Like we're the problem. You ask me, these practices are fucked up."

The cops in the 77th talk about having a "noce" attitude toward the gangs they police. They keep themselves fit, they project confidence. But then they're out there late at night, alone, and they remember those stories about the stolen crossbones that penetrate their veins, about the running tradition of Allie Q's, about the hand grenades and machine guns. Everywhere they look, they see hatred looking back. And so they aren't surprised when it all finally blows on Florence and Normandie and someone starts to yell, "Let's go, let's go! It's not worth it!" And then the first cop breaks for his car, and then another.

At that moment, the thin shell of civilization cracks.

"We had them on the run," said "Be," my friend from the Eighty-Third (for Eighty-third Street) Gangster Crips who was there. "I couldn't believe it. They just left. It was like we won, we finally won." And then all the anger came out, and then came



Not too long gone

the beatings of motorists, and then the breaking into Tim's lair, and then the crowds roared loudest—not because they were angry but because they could, because no one was stopping them. Anything goes. The gang-bangers themselves were overwhelmed in the city unable to go mad.

"We didn't think that was going to spread," Tim said. "It was just another day in the hood. That's the worst crap. These wops. Genuines out there, innocents, others who I mean, but they were worldwide. I just took a bunch of Old English and went home and watched it on television."

By the weekend, the gangbangers were advised "We embarrassed the cops," Minister Kody told us on the phone from prison. Minister is an English-Trip C.O. jargonized gang-speak, some critical, while wearing a look about his life on the street. "They lost respect as far as the whole world. They've got to get their respect back. They're going to be coming down on us with everything they got. That's what I would do."

But the war is over. It must be over soon. "We've got a lot more weapons now. We've got guns. We're good," Minister Kody said. "And now we're got guns who would have known how easy L.A. was to burst."

ON MONDAY, the day after the worst riot, the first are still hanging. Sunday, the law is in the city, hounding out the gangs. Cinders burn on street. My eyes were as white as Rose, an O.G. from the Los Angeles Park. She looks like a monkey, tall, muscular, and clean-cut. Last year he was shot by a rival C.O. The bullet is still in his back.

We drove around for hours. Every gas station for miles has been hit, every supermarket, every bank, every liquor store, every athletic shoe store. Almost all the fast-food places are gone, as are health clinics, just others, job-training centers. Whole restaurants look as if they've been hit by F-15s. Finally we reached signs that say BLACK OWNED have protected some buildings; elsewhere those signs flatter, shared, over piles of rubble.

Many Korean-owned businesses and all their "cheap stores" have been looted. Others, like Johnny's Stadium, have not. "Everybody likes the Korean store," Rose says. "They eat, you work, respect." Rose visited us in jail and Min. For more than forty years, the grocery store has been run by an Asian named Al, who knows everyone in the neighborhood. Rose had gone there all his life.

When the store started, Al passed out shopping bags to help people carry their loot. He just asked that they not burn his store, he was too old to start again.

Al is a bearded-out shill. "The homies were so angry," Rose says, "that when they found the Korean guy who did it, they beat him up and burned him in. You see? You got homies burning in a store and to the cops—who they hate—the burning is a joke. So it's not as simple as they say."

In South Central, almost nothing is. On Manchester and Wilshire, the Royal Market looks as if it's been bombed. Around the corner, at Florence and Normandie, the store began. Down the street, at Manchester

and Vermont, we hear popping sounds. Some fight Trips are shooting it out with the police. "That shit," Rose says. "That's A.K.A. Problem is, the cops are so much better than we are. They shoot twice, we're dead. We shoot fifteen times, we're lucky to hit their car. That's why we got all these A.K.s. We go in equal, we don't have a chance."

Hundreds of people are inside the Royal Market, but they aren't looting, even though there are no police in sight. I talk to Norma and Darryl Jackson. "We left because our four-year-old has asthma and the smoke was bothering him. Then we said, 'That's our neighborhood, so we came back to take care of it. We gave our kids books and put them to work. Maybe they'll learn something. Maybe they'll do better.'"

As the police hit the looting through the filthy streets, Rose Johnson starts to sing, her voice deep and powerful. "Wade in the water, wade in the water..."

From throughout the store, others join in the chorus. "That's gonna trouble the man." The song vibrates out of the store, raps, defines, hypnotizes, the holy accompaniment, just the sound of something innocent and escaping. And then a few more come in and start to take some stuff off the shelves. The store convulses in outrage, a platoon of people with innocent advances on the intruders. "Get out! Get out!" The chants rock the store. The looters drop their booty and run. I had seen the demonstrators to be good at the face of all others in South Central before. I had seen it at Denver. After Elmer's escape in Watts, jammed with soldiers, gang members, and Salvation Army members. I had seen it at Compton. When a passing plane in Blauvelt. I had seen it in the pro-

grams to salvage gangbangers that lobby Legislature vote at Marshall Area High School.

And then Rose takes me back to Adams Park, where I sat that spring again, in the most unexpected way. A short young man with a slightly lighted face is talking to a group of older kids in the middle of the street.

"That's Jels, Clinton, Darius Gabe. We want to meet together, then he got shot in the face. He's a homie for Charles now."

Jose and Juan greet each other in the usual way. "Zig, Bam!" (The Crips say "What's up, C?" or "What's up, Joe?" which the Bloods refuse to say because the words contain the word Crip, hence C.)

They just been talking to me, trying to get 'em to see the L.A. way," Jose says with a beaming smile.

"They been," Rose says. "They know you hit me. You talk to us hardbodies in the next block?"

"That's, you gonna come around, and we gonna have a great rally in the park. Figure out what we can do. Keepin' comes out as down. We gonna build it back right, the way the Lord would."

"Maybe we see you there," Rose says. "Okay, I love you." "I love you too, man."

As Jose drives away, Juan talks about why all this happened. "These kids, they are lonely, they are young. Young—look at how many people he hurt, but did you see how much they got a new confidence about him? And that little guy, how much did he need in a year—age million? Those kids walking out of Pico with a VCR. I guarantee they'll be in some office stealing like responsible kids if they could."

At Monterey Kody said, "These kids need a new message."

When Darius Gabe starts talking for Charles, he's talking his experience, which is all a gangbanger has, and putting it on the line out on the street. That's a lot more than all the politicians and preachers accomplish from their podiums and pulpits. Darius Gabe's message is simple. "They, it's up to us. Can't blame them but white people, nobody here but us. We gotta make our own deal."

He's out on the main street, talking to the hardbodies alone right and wrong and hope, making gently out of a face bloodied off-camera by a bullet in

Gangbangers themselves were stunned as the city seemed to go mad.

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One girl, day convenience in the place we live the most. Home (photo taken by Christian food delivery guy)

Isn't it funny how so many of the places we find (or live) feel like home.

SMIRNOFF

THE SPORTING LIFE: MIKE LUPICA

Wiener Take All!



IT WAS the perfect scandal for America's perfect player Christian Laettner, bless his heart, whistled for scribbling. Could it be? The same Christian Laettner who led his band of adorable yuppies from Duke to another national championship (I've dated Bobby Hurley from the adorable yuppies, of course. Hurley actually looks like he could win a fair fight with somebody). Yes, hard to believe, but even the most fervid of basketball fans must be allowed the occasional outlet pass for his debate literary sensibility. And so, during his senior season, Laettner recorded for *GQ* his deepest feelings on the, well, the state of the show. Of course, it figures that if Laettner, four years a poster boy for Duke basketball, would get into trouble for something off the court, it would be for writing "Dear Darryl."

Laettner nearly became the first white-collar criminal in the history of the Final Four. Naturally, he got off scot-free, as is his custom, when it was revealed that neither he nor *GQ* actually uttered that magical phrase that is, in fact, the sign call of all free-lance writers: How much? Are these Dukesters smart guys or what, offering up the sweet of these know absolutely free? Imagine if one of Turk's kids at Vegas had agreed to "submit a manuscript." He probably would have gotten the chair.

Laettner had a wonderful college career, don't get me wrong. But being a great player is not sufficient grounds for winning an Andre, the highest honor one can bestow on America's most annoying athletes. No, Laettner gets his Andre simply for acting like a punk. Despite shooting ten far too from the field and ten for ten from the line against Kentucky in the finals of the East Regional, and making one of the most memorable pressure

shots in college-basketball history to finally win the game for Duke. Laettner will be remembered as much for stomping on the chair of a Kentucky kid named Antwan Tinseltale. If they ever make a movie of Christian Laettner's life, they ought to call it *White Man Can Jump but Only on a Little-Known Sub Who's Flat on His Back*.

Believe me, it wasn't the only time Laettner did something like that at Duke during his fourteen-year career. It was just the time he got caught with all the lights on. It's a good thing he got his cheap shots in while still safely in college because he's about to go into the pros and become the most overrated Duke graduate since, oh, Darryl Perry. I want to be at the NBA game when Laettner tries to do the Durham Steep against Karl "The Madman" Malone.

That ought to be worth quite an entry in that *GQ* notebook, right?

Here are the rest of the honorees for 1993.

Andre Agassi. What an arrogant!

When we named these awards after him, the presumption was that Andre, world-class obnoxious as he is, would continue to have some purpose value. Then he starts getting posted by the Bill Tildes of Guatemala, checking out in the first round of each tournament, occasionally beating some nobody in Davis Cup play. If he hasn't won the French Open by the time you read this column, we may have to rescind the awards to Laettner.

New York Mets. It doesn't matter who they put in uniform—a new manager, a new infield, a new pitching staff. The Mets can spend the equivalent of Japan's GNP on personnel and still end up making more noise with their mouths than their bats.

Presenting
the third
annual Andre
Awards for
distinguished
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in sports
obnoxiousness

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

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EXECUTIVE SUMMARY: STANLEY BING

On Unemployment



IT WAS 2:30 ON A HOT FRIDAY afternoon, all my ducks were sleeping neatly in a row; there was nobody in the building, for a variety of very corollary reasons. I am sure, the sun was blazing, the birds were working, and there were still two dozen people on my level of the corporate maze making more money than I was. I decided to take the rest of the day off. I closed my mouth in a sort of high vacuum and snuffed around for a while, shuddering and reaching up to myself acutely in hours. At home, I stopped to smell the roses. Not employed, at least for the moment. I thought it would be fun. I was wrong.

I am a blabber, conducting my dysnomia in the most intimate relatively quiet corner somewhere between heaven, where men and women are granted to do better than they deserve, and the sea zone where bad things often routinely happen to small people. It paid up for a good long time. Then I am about 30 years into my life, the abundance through public that runs through me. I am not a person. You don't need a TV set full of middle management dressed in order to make the best of three, even though there they need Mollie to watch the money and plan how to interest it, and communicate with the public about it, and possibly even spend it now and then some money for her. But when it comes to making it, all you need is one guy with a car phone and a culture of money talk. Like without vice-presidents. What a concept.

Down the stairs and to the right stood a guy with his sport jacket draped over his arm. He clutched a thick slip of paper which he referred to now and then while searching for the building number. I know what he was immediately more poor than I was in any way in an interview for a job he either wanted or would get. I know the look. I've been there. A wave of nausea almost knocked me over a literature person who was sleeping against the wall of my building.

I crossed the river and wandered over to the nearby art cinema to see what was playing. Perhaps I would get out of the heat and live again in the mysterious dark. Outside the theater going in the power as it is seen a man and he was a curious creature, was better than I was. He was probably of independent development. He was dressed in his shirt, a Looney tune, and a baseball cap. Last I heard, Fisher was starting his own marketing

company. In other words, he was on unemployment as a man can be. He had a "You're that guy" in his mouth, and his shoes bulged in a most completely useless. Something with error in the possibility that Fisher would make up his, I put both hands over my face and hid around the corner.

I stood in the top of the park, considering. Next to me was a telephone booth. Suddenly, he knew what I was to say. The voice inside the booth. I picked up. "All dressed up, he plans to get" a strong and meaningless voice whispered in my ear. (11/17/1999)



Buddy,
can you
spare about
a hundred
grand
a year?

"Listen, Bing" said the voice, which was both friendly and menacing. "Are you aware that according to the American Management Association, of which you are a member, 93 percent of companies surveyed last fall people last year up about as much from the year before, and you are off right of those people were Mollie just like you, even though you folks make up only about 3 percent of the work force?"

"What is that?" I said.

"You don't want to listen," said the voice, and hung up.

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—Popular Mechanics, August '91

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—Automobile Magazine, September '91

"... can't use enough superlatives to describe this car on a curvy back road"
—Motor Trend, March '91

"On dry pavement, it has no discernible wobble, and even in gravel, snow and delays, can be driven fast and hard with little effort and great confidence."
—Car and Driver, September '91

"Its high 0.92 g skidpad rating approaches that of the Corvette ZR-1 and Acura NSX. And it shows through the shaker in nearly the same league as the Acura NSX, Nissan 300ZX, and Porsche 944S 2—proving its ability to travel in fast company indeed."

—Motor Trend, September '91

"The SVX's strong point is lots of usable pull—where you need it, when you need it."
—Autoweek, August '91

"The virtues of Subaru's new luxury/performance car made it our unanimous choice as this year's pivotal engineering effort, and worthy recipient of Automotive Industries' 1992 Engineering Award."

—Automotive Industries, December '91



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Esquire

*In your twenties, you think it won't happen to you
In your forties, you're too busy to think about it
In your sixties, they tell you how "jaded" it's going to be
No one ever tells you*

THE TRUTH ABOUT GROWING OLD

BY ROBERT SHERRILL

OKAY, WHY SO SOME AND, old people, were scattered like pollen on the family quilt—distant, but of a piece. Now they are everywhere. You see them poking their way slowly along the sidewalk in your neighborhood, once and twice. They select the aisle. They ridge subberdy up and down grocery store aisles. They ride the buses, taking forever and naturally to make up and so sit up furiously on. Some drive gray volvo's, stopped in slow up, slow from everything, keeping their slow, steady pace, home and career in demand.

They have that one distinguishing feature, from the little lady ending across the busy boulevard with hair-sweeping industry to that tall, slender, craggy fellow in crowd. Color new-flop crop and handsomely sport one in the bar. They are old. And I am one of them. And you will be, too, in just a matter of time.

I have been watching myself, and I have been reflecting self-bet, propoganda, myth—this up to growing old is great, and have come to see something and, I think, sensible conclusion. Growing old is speech. Believe me. To paraphrase Stephen

THE PUMP HOUSE
HARD BAGS BEING
GLOVED, IN A TUBAL
WAVE OF FURBIO,
JIT, NOISE, MIND,
AND CORPORATE
STRATEGY.
Meet the Furbio duo,
mixing it up
from left to right,
back to back, and
before the
Sunset Festival—
nightly grove dressed
and self-made men

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The hippest culture in America is

BEACH CULTURE

BY MICHAEL ANGELI

ART BY JEFFREY



Frankie and Annette are way, way dead. Gidget's gone. Mike Love's playing the White House. Today's beachboys are tattooed savages, wearing a million dollars' worth of endorsements, soundtrack provided by the Butthole Surfers. Cowabunga!

I: THE FIRST FAMILY OF SURFING

Chrisitan Fletcher generates enough speed with one powerful down to go his skateboard all the way across the one long lot, playing an acoustic guitar as he cruises toward me. The motion of his acrobatic combined with the swiftness of the pavement make Newcom and Ileana into a couple of lookies, his balance centered somewhere within his long without the horror of crumbling lower. A large building is viewed through the center part of his controls, too, with a helmet of bleached, chiseled-out hair, mobile from a black board, and eyebrow the thickness of crumpled, greenish sheets of a La Cumbre Film performer who sits his young, his twenty-year, Christian Fletcher, muscular, not warlike, to arguably the best wave rider in the world, though he rarely competes.

"Most of the pro surfers are really straight and into their own thing," I am told. "They can't accept anything new and they all surf the same. If you were half twenty of the top thirty surfers in the world, you wouldn't be able to tell them apart." Definitely

not a problem with Christian, who once he has done it means quickly as he launches off the end of the wave, Ileana has seen the act. Asked if he could beat the top surfers, he shrugs.

"The old type of surfer who could go out and look like the biggest shark in the world, falling off of every wave. But then I could have a session where I wouldn't fall once and do the coolest maneuvers you ever saw in your life. I changed the whole perspective in surfing. I was doing big waves out of the water, landing and going straight into another maneuver when I was in." The new hair curl the door with a surfboard when Cuffy Paul used to do with a basketball. From afar, the board looks as though it was attached by a screw of pins to Christian's hands. And then he's airborne. The board becomes a compass needle going back a new lookin' stick with a hunk of hair and he stays out—sometimes coming down so hard on his board that he shatters on surface. That's the buildup of his career on and around his knees.

"I land really hard, a lot, and then I'll be a hole where my foot went through the glass. Next time I do a maneuver, I might land on my knee where the board is and cut open my knee—a lot of hole will like that." He shows me a nasty reconfiguration of flesh around his shins. From a yell on the skateboard.

"And that was with push," he goes. When I ask him to show me a little something on the skateboard, Christian does this:

"Right here?"

"Yeah. Why not?" He's sitting in my car, waiting for Christian to tell him. Christian is standing between my car and the car next to me while we are talking. When he finally goes in, he lays his board across the hood of the car and to me, holds his board up—nothing up my sleeve—then puts it down again the moment of peddling out to the parking lot, he begins seriously on the cramped space between the cars.

"Like your Chevrolet?" he goes to my car. Before I can tell him he shows his hand on the back of the skateboard. Crisping straight up between the two cars, the skateboard makes a wonderful soundtrack over the fabric of Christian's leotards, the way a

beach twister switches hands, becoming a hazardous blur of wood with hard, deep protruding wheels. When I open my eyes, Christian's standing there with the skateboard suspended into the rear of his pants, the way my eye holds his center.

"How's that?" he asks hesitantly. Not quite the statement that he's T-shirt makes—rock not is present in these twenty different lists across the board—but yeah, I get the picture. Like his leotards (it's a mission, but I suppose there's the

"But you had more—"

"Hold! I did, but a definite work out. I went to Hawaii—got tattooed in big waves surfing. I'd get out, ride big waves, ride miles, weeks, have all kinds of fun while the other kids from California get hunted by the locals and told to get out of the water."

I ask Christian about women. "I love a wife," Christian says, as if having one is not terribly different from having a horse's permit to drive. By the end of our girl talk, he convinced that if Christian had instead an intention of higher learning, it would have been all Christian's University.

I don't look down upon women. I just don't like the whole idea of female professional surfers. Most of the female pro surfers are nice older girls and stuff like that. Not only that, they're all big and bulky. Still, I don't think they have the power and they don't have the right body features." Unless having an enormous one somehow help you navigate your local beach. I'm not sure what she means.

"They're built different," Christian says, "as you can tell, right? That's why make me make and female as it is."

"Does your wife surf?"

"Hm... no. She doesn't do too much of anything, she made a book. But me, I'm gonna surf, cover the, chain, and play music for the rest of my life. I'm serious. It was a long work process, but I'm serious."

From where we're sitting, we can look out through the new huge garage doors into his father's factory. If Christian listened to anything other besides the music, because that of surf against beach, it would be the music of the music of the music.

"I had a very nice way. I would've gone around and just living out and doing my own job," says Christian, watching for father approaching. "I'd be working some heavy job somewhere. But I had my dad to push me into it. Hey, Dad! Did you see my yard? My neighbor told me that these wheels for me, put up the brand-new, better, faster, planned gear, and installed a sprinkler system and put it on a timer for me!"

Herbie Fletcher checks into the car and makes a face. "They wanted to clean up his yard so that they could sell their house."

From the first time he watched his parents and Dickey Beach, Herbie Fletcher wanted to be a wave rider. While adults could see out pictures of Paul Anka and Dennis Lee, Herbie could see with wild eyes of long board cowboy—Mike Dine, Robbie Bartholomew, the big-wave master Phil Eil-worth. His own father's name began when his parents moved to Huntington Beach, in the failed beach life of L.A.'s remaining nucleus of beach communities. He could surf every day in uncrowded water and earn cheap change dipping boards. In these



100 PAGES WILL BE RACIALIZED: Paul in Huntington Beach (left), with a car (right), and a car (right), Huntington, California.

whole point, Christian is master of his own ship. Just ask the fishermen of Huntington Beach.

"I was supposed to be a surfer and a double, plus I was supposed to get my own car in it. They were really disappointed. The guy called up three weeks after he told me I was never surfing. He didn't agree with me to move them in the beach in two hours. I said he. He said there's no way to get into the picture in change and I'm just working for him. I said, 'Well, Jesus, man, and hang up the phone. I was proud of myself. It changed because he was like a Hollywood he could push me around because I looked the work.' Unable to contain the filth of such a notion, Christian considers me that is what a snail's pace in the middle of the gift of money called into his hands over the years. He has reason to laugh. A line of Christian Fletcher's childhood is fabricated as the Herbie Fletcher Surf Shop, complete with its own glass factory. Kids from Rowley in Monroe, Pleasant, North Carolina, buy his surf videos. His rules in underwear money for surfing (rings) paraphernalia and clothing. And all this with an eight-grade education.

"Did I miss school? No way—I couldn't wait to get out of there. I'm an eight-grade graduate," he mentions with pride.



THE GATHERING OF THE TUBES (FROM ABOVE): Paul Anka, Dennis Lee, Herbie Fletcher, and a car (right), Huntington, California.



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THE STORY THAT SERVED AS inspiration, mythology and personal inspiration for all businessdude surfers is almost certainly not true, but who cares? It's about values. City Chandler was well read, using the Los Angeles Times and was said to have chosen when business or editorial meetings during which a surfer would come in carrying a note on a short rope. Chandler would read the note, leap to his feet, apologize all around for his departure, and then run out the door. Some one would retrieve the note from the floor and read the two words written on it—"Surf's up."

"He always carried Dana Point-Killer Dune," John Ferencsik, a lawyer and developer, told me. "It really made him and when they made a meeting there." Being a developer, short development has got you too far when a remote somebody's short break.

"I try and surf a couple times a week, in the morning, go through. If you go there, a few other guys are already people in the water. That's a whole yuppie emergence of surfers—lawyers, doctors, I've heard there's a group called the Surfers' Medical Association and every year they go to Fiji for their convention, which means they surf."

Since almost anyone concerned with surfing is famous for not being concerned with anyone else, it's kind of surprising to hear that Ferencsik and other surfers like him are organized into something called Heal the Bay, which is strong support for the water off Santa Monica. Ferencsik also worked in the Redfish Foundation, which is trying to clean up the water off Malibu (golden plaits too). When normal surfers go on a boat, what's happening to their water, the back to me another. But when businessdude surfers go out, they lobby.

There's also a group called Five. One Coast and one called Environmental Navy and a surfer who's involved in both of those plus the two aforementioned organizations is Jeff Hine. He is MD. "One of my parents who works with petroleum engineers, says we have the capability to make natural gas cars, but the oil companies have all the gas stations and refuse they don't want to develop clean cars. Meanwhile, Mexico City is drawing in smog, it's frustrating to natural people who know things could be better. It's a lovely disease in

Chairmen of the Board

Meet the businessdude surfers of Malibu By Eve Babitz Photographs by Art Kane

Wes Coast corporate (from left) John Ferencsik, Curtis Dancer, Matt Rapp and Dr. J.J. Hine

Melba, and people come in all the time with our influence and some influence from the political scene. But when the surf's good, I try and try out there several times a month."

Melba is filled with guys like these two, successful men in their prime earning years who jump out of bed pillows and climb into surfboards to get a few miles in before work. Gavin Goss is president, vice president, then who is director, Jack Howard is partner at boutique Miami law firm Gossman, Goss is thirty-three, married, surfing at eleven, did a semester for a while, and then got into a more serious line of work. He's a hard-core surfer in Portland, Oregon to make a comedy show. "I considered bringing my board, but up there the water's too cold and the sharks are too much. When I'm home I'll go to Puerto Morelos, the Mexican pipeline in Cancun. It's the most beautiful, really great beach. It's the most serene," Will Karger says. "It's really nice and the president of the Johnsons Calf Pizza chain lives. Before the restaurant, I was a surf bum," he says, but runs now "when conditions are perfect. I play hooky."

Some of these guys are even able to convince you that surfing helps their businesses. Matt Kapi arls real estate in Malibu. "I sell million-dollar beachfront houses, and it's perfect because I believe in it and run around the lifestyle. But sometimes I'm showing houses to audio executives who want to know about square footage and I'm depressed because I see a great set of waves coming."

Tom Hadden is also in real estate, lives in Pacific Palisades, went to school in Hawaii. He's so busy with work that he does his surfing in the dark, between six and midnight. "Last night surfing kind of dangerous!"

"Yeah," he admits. "But the more stress I can release by surfing, the more successful I can be at work. It's a production for me to go surfing two hours a week. It gives me the ability to work harder."

Maybe that's how Ota Chaudhry justified skipping out of all those business meetings. Today he's away from the paper and is known to have taken up mountain biking with a vengeance. He moved out of his big house in San Marino into what can only be described as a highly glorified trailer on the surfing beach at Pismo Beach. He still looks like the kind of businessman who has a briefcase with a silver tray, but he still has a few scratches too. ■

We saw (from left) Kapi, Goss, and Chaudhry, again with Will Karger and Tom Hadden.

Everybody's gone surfin' Surfin' MBAs

It's time for a change to Gallo.

*This flavorful roast rack of lamb with fresh rosemary
is a perfect match for the full, rich taste of our California
Cabernet Sauvignon.*



HAPPYGATE

Twenty years after the scoop of a lifetime, Bob Woodward is a wealthy man and a doting husband, entrenched in the establishment that he once turned upside down. Deep Gloat revealed

BY MARIANNE SZEGEDY-MASZAK

HANGING IN THE downstairs study of Bob Woodward's large Victorian house in Georgetown is a black-and-white photograph of Richard Nixon—typical dark Nixon, with typical dark suit and typical dark not-shaking-the-hand-of-Dim, the boy-wizard, whose jump-suited model of the presidency that rock 'n' roll stole. The picture is inscribed: "Dear Bob, we'll both be back."

The King-Tweety Deal. And the hero of Watergate himself, Bob Woodward. The automatic



The conservative modernist (top) of the same authorship (left and top right)

while every personified by this leery trinity is that while the first was, a blunder, drug-addled pop icon and a personal and corrupt president, have been rehabilitated to an astonishing degree. Woodward, the avowed thrashing knight of American journalism, has recently been getting intermarried in death all over town, from Capitol Hill to Georgetown.

Perhaps even worse have been the unanticipated headlines that have been fired at him from his own press brethren. He's been the focus of querulous profiles in *Coronet* as dispirited as *The New York Times* and *Walter Jones*. He's the subject of a forthcoming volume, *Thousand Days*, and he is thoroughly implicated as a major and stronger player (along with Alexander Haig) in a bizarre conspiracy in the best-selling *Star Trek*. Doubts have been raised over again about the veracity of *Deep Throat*. His "Infected Ground" by Hanks, of all people, is winning a look on *Watson*.

And as conservatives and as leads as in Federal, Woodward and David Binder's recent seven-part series on Dan Quayle was dismissed by denizens of inside the Beltway like old Krumpholtz gets talking about *Repuber's* Nihil or *Railroad Museum*. The series was noteworthy not for what it revealed about Dan and Marjorie, although there were a few gems, like Marilyn losing control

and taking a picture of Dan, but for what it revealed about people's perceptions of Bob Binder—who is not exactly a rub-reporter-seemed avenger as co-author "This proves" some said, "that he is really a Republican." Woodward, they said, is finally revealing his true personality as apian carrier for the establishment.

Some kind of weird role reversal has been going on, an almost biblical fulfillment of "What goes around comes around." It was as if Woodward, the same pious, modest journalist who had helped destroy one government with his freewheeling and fan-boyish colleague, Carl Bernstein, had the same around completely lost his importance to another. Many of the readers who had cheered him on in his early muckraking days felt betrayed.

Woodward has not been completely oblivious to the transformation of his image from government supplier to conservative Washington insider. It just doesn't bother him. The establishment had ushered him into the sanctum of power as a sign of his closest status, a vindication for being right. "When Carl and I were doing *Watergate*, we were outsiders," he said over lunch at the Madison Hotel in Washington. "We were writing these stories and the newspapers and the *arena* of the *Post* were behind us, but no one else was. The whole national role created in like layers. And then the outcome turned out as it was. So the establishment decides to embrace us. Let's bring them into the establishment. Let's make a movie about them and people will buy their books. They will be on TV, they will have suits, and they will be rich." At the moment, Woodward, who is not known for internal passion, was sounding nearly evangelical about the success of co-optation. He leaned over the table. "And that is what the establishment does when someone has been on the outside and they turn out to be





"King George IV was up here, back in 1822. He would drink nothing but The Glenlivet."

—Sandy Milne
our Scotland logo



King George IV and visiting companion, Andrew?

What is a single malt Scotch?

A single malt is Scotch the way it was originally: one single whisky from one single distillery. Not, like most Scotch today, a blend of many whiskies. The Glenlivet single malt Scotch whisky should therefore be compared to a chicken, broiled with blended Scotch is more like a mixture of meats from different regions.



The Glenlivet.
The Father of All Scotch.

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"Why have they been such good friends?" Woodward replies, "In both cases it's obvious: they are friends, professional supporters, of common faith, reason. They are my pals!"

"You get different things from each of them, right?" Woodward "Oh sure."

Silence. We talk about a time in 1976 when he considered leaving the *Post* for CBS but then decided to stay. "Taco Chanen was a real lunch because he [in English] said that you would stay," I say, "in a weak attempt at demonstrating that I, you, have experience."

"I didn't know that. Maybe I did. I don't remember," he says. After about thirty-five minutes of this cheerful banter, his conversation is less profane, more serious, perhaps, we are discussing work and success. "To a certain extent people who succeed in lots of things are often regarded from the intellectual tradition that they perpetuate in . . . Lots of good journalists never went to journalism school. There is something about being a maverick."

What does it mean to be a maverick journalist these days?

"It means to do different things," he says emphatically and then retreats.

MANY THINGS. He really sees himself as a maverick because he does lots of different things and attracts the journalists but not the political establishment. Today in the absence of real issues like the Cold War, journalism has become intransigent, and Woodward has a bull's-eye painted on his forehead. He is not another journalist but rather, a serious journalist. Consider his relationship of a lifetime with his source, the *Post* of Writing Books and Newspaper Issues, the *Post* of the American Source For his next book, the *Serious Journalist* has decided to write another book about the economy. It will be "not of a Generation on the economy," he says. One source may well be the Office of Management and Budget head, Richard Darman, a friend since the Watergate era.

"For Bob, facts are the truth," several who know him said. The truth that Woodward believes in is not a religious or philosophical or psychological truth but the strictly political, factual truth. The Reporter's Truth. What did he believe under from men across the night he died? What did Marilyn Quip do to the press? On the way to the truth, this truth would require on about the same level as Bob has been in the fall or not!

He arrives at that truth through compulsive accumulation of facts, painstaking investigation of events, his life, every interview, developing methods to that every person is accounted for in his opinion, and writing the story like a *Dispute* episode. What happens is that his work is really admirable, successful, and noncontroversial because it is nonjudgmental. Secretary of Defense Cheney, for instance, allegedly sent him a copy of *The Commander for Mothers Day*.

The lack of imaginative scope, the reluctance to take the subject out, the narrative formula that has changed less than that of the

Hardy boys over the years are also the reasons why, though he may be one of America's greatest reporters, he is also known to be "one of the seven thousand best writers I know" according to a former colleague. Bob Woodward, who has often been criticized for his "not looking" approach to competition within the newspaper, can simply be made good Woodward's lack of loyalty to the work is obviously unapologetic about the special treatment Woodward has enjoyed. "Look, all that looks like you have more than a brother me," he says. "Woodward is special. He deserves it."

And those who complain?

"Justus."

TWENTY YEARS AGO, Broder and his boys pulled the curtain back on the Imperial Presidency. How ironic that Woodward should have sponsored America's most important journalist. A few years ago, a top official in the FBI told the university to conduct an internal memo regarding Woodward's reporting on a story about Maximilian Gyselski. "Woodward worked on holy ground at the FBI, he was unsoundable," he said. "He came into my office and was raging, crying to me. The next time you feel an occasion for criticizing my work, you will consult with me to advance."

In that era, the modern Bob Woodward who puts his inner virtues at ease with his conversation, he had of him, it, the FBI official, who has never left. "His humanity kills me." He tells the story of how Woodward would bring four gallons of Justice Books in cases into the newspaper for the staff on Sundays. "He never said, 'Okay, better.' Instead, he just discreetly left it on a table. To me, he is a sort of self-offering little biddy."

It's not just his confidence around the Woodward boys' attitude that Woodward looks like Jay Loveman, a Woodward's police story. "He is able to keep his power hidden until he has it on him. It's a wonderful camouflage, and apparently he got it much that he is able to pull this off." But Loveman is sympathetic to Woodward's heavy plaid armor. "I would suspect a lot of lonely being Bob Woodward, and I am sure that like anybody else he would rather not be lonely. But he may not have a choice about that. Could he be Bob Woodward if he were somebody who needed to be loved more than Bob Woodward seems to need to be loved? What with a ball of a lot."

With his marriage, his suffering, industry, his stress in the FBI, his position in Woodward's society, and related with his own cracking persona, Woodward has labored mightily to make his self unsoundable. His work may be one done, subject to criticism, but he is not. "You know I'm really a boring person," Woodward told me on our first meeting. But in the end, his love seems more refreshing than explanation. What is he doing? One thing for certain: Bob Woodward is protecting a lot more than the identity of Deep Throat. ■



"I'd suspect that it is lonely being Bob Woodward," a friend says, "and like anyone, he'd rather not be lonely."

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Annie

WITH EURYTHMICS FAR BEHIND HER, THE SISTER'S DOIN' IT FOR HERSELF

PEOPLE GET DRUNK TO WRITE," says Annie Lennox in that smoky Aberdonian burr, widening those North Sea eyes. "People get stoned to write, people destroy their marriages to write, people destroy themselves to write . . ." It seldom takes much to get any pop star talking about the anguish of being Creative Mc, and this isn't just any pop star: This was the ice queen of postpunk Eighties alienation. " . . . So that's how it is when I go into the workroom," Lennox is saying. "And I just have to laugh at it sometimes." Have to what? Say again?

Yes, Annie Lennox—the former singer, singer, and musician, hunka (just off this flower child's head) seemed to say, Take me seriously as I take myself—'s cradling her little chestnut curls in the self-massage that can mean her songwriting room isn't something out of Orwell's literary of Lones. This bemusement is hardly what you'd expect from a woman famous for looking fabulous. For recent TV appearances, Lennox is still playing with her old new-wave image, from the first *Jannet* eye makeup for the Freddie Mercury AIDS benefit to the favored (but Grayish) self-banned dress when for her *Only Night Live*! But, offstage, she's just a pale, angular, and beautiful woman with short gray eyes, who wears her hair

short, air straight-backed and self-possessed, and smiles at the places in the conversation where a regular person would frown: her black socks and her black patent-leather shoes you see a stretch of red plaid stocking. This might be some sort of ironic statement you'd have to be post-punk and Jewish to understand, but it looks simply cheerful. "This day is Lennox is happy these days. Happy with her husband of four years, lovely filmmaker Dan Stewart, and their year-and-a-half-old daughter, Lila—(a whom, with suspicious slowness, Lennox has named her voiceless into a memory. And happy with Dan, her first solo album after the name she made as the singing half of Eurythmics, with guitarist/brother-in-law producer Dave Stewart

like a not happy trying to explain the difficult time when the Luck is about (I'm a performer, and I'm trying to control myself into the song to lighten those somehow for people), but she's just the point of getting away about it. She is happy to be there seven. "Yeah is a very vulnerable, terrifying time, actually," she begins, now, she's recently made some "very dark" friends who've never heard of her, Eurythmics or the Luck.

Such friends would've been harder to find in 1981, the year of Eurythmics' hit single "Sweet Dreams (Are Made of This)." But by '80, that synth-poper's firing out the rhythms on "Sweet Dreams" was beginning to sound as unique as a railway car. The personality of Lennox and Stewart never broke up

officially after their last tour, Lennox simply went home to her London apartment, got pregnant, and began writing songs by herself for the first time since backing up with Stewart in 1981. Lennox says she knows they'll work together again, just now they're not even in touch. But with the success of *Dave Stewart* must be getting the message.

At the odds suggest, Dave is a stylish self-proclaimed, a ready pace of work that can focus on to and color a few months of your life—especially those months you wouldn't even to review. The steady, unassuming "Why," she pumped-up "Little Bird," and she always master piece, the sad, spooky waltz, "Cold," seemed to that Lennox is one of the great white and singers out of Aesha by way of such Stewart's dance dress in *Genie* (Stewart: "I don't think I'm a great technical singer," she says, "but because my voice was very strong, I was able to perform on a stage that I hadn't been exploring really." With Eurythmics, she had avoided over-demanding vocal parts, knowing she'd have to reproduce them night after night on the road.

Except for some high-profile appearances, Lennox wasn't more behind Dave. "I don't want to have my child making

Lennox

BY DAVID GATES

around with me," she says. "It's just unfair. And when I'm away from him, the apartment is cold." Much of the album, in fact, was recorded in her home, with Lennox talking the house, writing with the mood. "I have this scratching little bird that sits on my shoulder and just goes, 'Hey, you're a heap of shit.' It's like having the most handsome sides of one's nature. It's so mild. It's so cold. But, well, there you have it."

But as long as Lennox wrote songs with Stewart, she had an editor and cheerleader. "I was the one wandering around, saying, 'Never, never, never!'" Lennox recalls, "and he'd be going, 'Oh come on, that's great.'" But the moment between them, however fruitful, eventually made it "a struggle for us to be in the room together." When she began to work alone on what was to become *Dave*, she saw that she'd "been at least long some positive thinking into this." Fortunately, she thought positively enough to get the job done, but not so positively as to screw up what could have been to be one of the most successful recordings to the century's end. For the future—singing, always, that there is one—let's wish her well and happy, though not necessarily so, in the company of dear friends who don't know who she is. ■





ROSS PEROT may be running as the uncandidate, but his nascent campaign is a high-concept exercise in nostalgia politics. A few disjunctive moments with—and a lot of strange facts about—the Texan that time forgot



Retro Man

By
MARK SEAL

THERE ARE COW BANDS, square dances, and hair bands aplenty this sunny Sunday in the parking lot of the Fifth-floor-looking Texas-Track-N-Stall near the Texas-Oklahoma border. A lot of down-home hoochs to get the folks worked about the local honcho, our Ross Perot, whose one-on-one Lute-Texasian spread—one of his three homes—is just a few miles down the road.

That's where the square likes to unwind, starting in from Dallas by car or helicopter to escape the sun on what he calls his "home," his haven of moving hours and Windows. Ross Perot won't be here today—busy serving the people's will in other ways—but he phones in several times to let like-house comrades what's monitor ing the rally. The candidate, a modest-day bandito Perot, holds out a possible phone to Perot on how just how gaily the band plays and just how eagerly the nation mouth his hollowed name.

And they do, in a now-predictable hazy of yearning for a take-chance president, an action-oriented sleeplessman in return a cruise nation. "He's going to go in there and get things done." "Voting for him is a way to say, 'Throw the bums out!'" "He's gonna kick us and take control!"

Ask Ross before how Perot will look and what names he will take, and suddenly there's a honest answer. But "names" don't really matter here. The appeal is much more personal. For we are lost in the reverse of time. Perot is a latter-day son of per. From America, when the richer man ran the town and all was well for those who stood on his legions. When Lawrence Welk was really on the hardwood and George Bush was far away.

Never mind that behind Perot's everyday exterior is a master-mechanics-billionaire who invented the field of computer services

and is unleashing the era of the computerized campaign. Making the candidate to the voters as a sweeping network of technology. His fans prefer to see him as a superhero in a cartoon: chosen from sweeping down and taking them back, before the vague days of Bush, the bare heart of Reagan, the wimpiness of Carter—all the way back, perhaps, to the can-do decade of Eisenhower, a real final general marshalling his troops to glory.

No more for action. After Jimmy Carter's administration did rock away when two of Perot's Electronic Data Systems (EDS) employees were deeply jailed in Tehran, Perot sprung them in a daring jailbreak.

He can defeat the bureaucracy. In the mid-1980s after Perot's then a General Motors Corporation-based success—called in public about GM chairman Roger Smith's arrogant, poor leadership and excessive perks and began a public crusade to strengthen the car to go on, the GM board paid him \$13 million just to go away. And automobiles cheered.

No can handle the change. As Texas's leading ever and reformer of the public school system, Perot pushed education to the forefront and launched football to the subjects in the state where football is king. And he was an drugs was so serious, his parents knew because the professed bull-boys at Texas depicted at worst practices everywhere.

Perot, entrepreneur, visionary, look here, Perot is one of the most decorated men of our time. In his employees he supports loyalty. "I'll be like John Deere" the way he did when he learned to "The Star Spangled Banner."

Perot had come all the way around the world. Just to visit him? Ken Silver writes in *The Wings of Eagles*, his best-selling book about the first cosmonauts. In women, he supports today, his secretary of twenty years still calls him so. He's been called a national Winston Churchill. In 1981 the Perot of Wales honored Perot with the Winston Churchill

was across town. Frost devised a plan. It especially included weapons drawn on those destined to follow, with infrared devices able to detect chemicals from the air and condensing off a mixture of a South Dallas phone and reading in hundreds of policemen to conduct a house-to-house search. For drugs and weapons.

These moves were not actually carried out, and the chapter of Frost and the police force was forgotten until recalled by the Dallas Observer, a weekly newspaper critical of Frost. He tells me he never prepared the house-to-house showdown. But he failed on the Observer note. He landed in his house when drugs and weapons were a stark, all-fanned, armed confrontation from the Observer's list of Dallas headlines around "Crisis in Dallas" that he says. He flew through the frames, reading off the commissioners. But Frost, apparently, was blind in Dallas, but Local Cadeby, But Victory Dallas, Miss Quisada Dallas, But Harriet in Dallas. "Now, the part that really hurt, because it would have been helpful in the campaign, I was runner-up for Miss Stacy Gay in Dallas. Didn't make it. Cause that's something I haven't been around of much."

PROST IS BOTH CHARISMA AND PROTECTOR of his legend. He is reported to be simply home in Texas and wanted to maintain strictly to the days of his youth—especially the red bricks that had been painted white. When a contractor told him sandblasting could not remove the bricks to their original color, Frost had the house dismantled brick by brick to the unpainted side of the bricks would face out.

When Frost, an *Uncle Sam* biography was released in 1990, he was upset. Another Todd Blum wrote that his boyfriend friends also paid his claims of delivering newspapers on horseback to Texas's poorest black neighborhoods as a child. Frost's book quoted one of Frost's childhood pals among tales of "bullets"—but Frost said by his legend. "He claimed down his past classmates, got them to reveal," says Frost. "Some of you did. They killed us all, didn't they? I mean I don't want what they know anymore."

Ale Frost Frost of his has ever broken the law and his true complexion turns the last of fresh blood. He left an reportedly news market when he is again, but no sign of Kate Bush now. He stretches out his supporters. "Well, you'd need to get some international legal expert," he says. "Text look at when we did do on the [Texas] rescue. I want to get my government to help me. I read every way in the world to get that done through the system. Nobody cared about those two people who were taken dignity and respect, for nothing. And I was either for those two or try to get them out."

So the philosophy is, by whatever means necessary? "Well, but the point is, as a matter of principle, I just couldn't have my people there to die. . . . Now, keep in mind that every time there is an American in distress or a serious racial problem more the time, I get calls at one and one o'clock in the morning from the highest levels of my government."

He knows "the, but counts" they know everything all along. They were running it. Who was in charge of matters in his country during that period? The vice-presidents of the United States. It was his responsibility. Who was in charge of declassification all through the Eighties when the bombing and savings and loans blow apart? The vice-presidents. Now, if and when I've been made up about it and if when I over make huge mistakes like that, I will say, "Look, I did it. There it's a one-day mess."

Mission of Bush means his blood pressure. "The President gets me trouble a little. He doesn't know what's going on. People lead him information. Now the President's a good man. But he honestly didn't know there was a recession when millions of his own people were suffering. I got my cut."

President Frost would keep in touch, truly, honestly. He tells of how he walks with rulers and press conferences without protest. He likes the way this place. Common man Frost among the pumped politician. "When House call" just that you and I wouldn't recognize in a y. Frost says. . . . are device around in times. Who works for whom? That kind of confusion and confusion is what caused. Marie Antoinette to say, "Let them eat cake." She thought they had cake? I don't think she was being rude."

FOR MORE THAN TWO DECADES, America has sought Frost. Frost is so secret, and Frost has refused the call. "I wouldn't run for president." "This country has enough problems without relying on me to fix it." "I think everybody who is a politician sits around on the floor laughing, drinking of me running for president."

But America wheedled and begged, Frost says. Live at the moment. "All these letters were pouring in, calls from my friends at the Naval Academy who gave all their proctorate loans for the service of their country, playing up my very close friends who were killed in combat, who died for their country," he says. "They said, 'Frost, are you so soft that you can't give back a few years?' As good as the country's back to you?"

When a black electronic timing device shatters across the desk, and Frost says, "Tilly, tummy," the spell is broken. Before we part, the conversation turns philosophical. "Have you studied the Japanese?" Frost asks.

"No, but they have come over and studied my computer and said, 'That's the only Japanese company we've found in the United States. Because you're famous.'"

"Did you read *Samurai*?" Frost asks his book. "Who wrote it? I think I did."

"Michael Chabon."

"I've not seen I said so many books."

He rifles through the shelves of his desk drawers, searching for a famous book of philosophy. "Step, here it is," he says, removing the tiny, plastic-covered volume. Frost Frost is an engaging, homespun, thoughtful, and intelligent. But it is *Min Toi* (The Little Red Book), another of Frost's notes and paper clips. "In 1970, when the government asked me to work on the POW program, nobody knew what I should do," he explains. "So I read all the communist literature I could find, and I ran into a couple of people. . . . Now, this is a beautiful statement. It says, 'China's five million people are poor and black. This may seem like a bad thing, but in reality, it is a good thing. Poverty gives rise to the desire for revolution.'"

He continues. "The story must become one with the people." A pause and a smile. "Can't argue with that. Haven't we seen millions come on the wall up there in Washington. We should be modest and prudent. Guard against arrogance and mistakes. And serve the people heart and soul." Sounds like something the leaders of the Communist would say.

Frostwell, he says. He walks me all the way from his office through the long hallways to the exit. As his destination, Frost, who as a child slept heavily a Norman Rockwell portrait of a Boy Scout prying, came briefly on his wing tips and hands back toward the Austin house. He looks, in his youthful manner, too good to be true, a cryogenically preserved slice of his before it became a more complicated place to get things done.

His next offer stands there, boneless in hand, the silver-haired, shaved jawed Julia Comally, a former Texas governor and presidential candidate who once, like Frost today, had all the money and thought he had all the answers. Frost pounce the former governor's hand, asks, "Hey?" and returns to the business of politics. R

Q. CAN YOU FIND THE HIDDEN PLEASURE IN REFRESHING SEAGRAM'S GIN?



A. If you think this is just a bubble, look again.

Nashville's

COUNTRY

FESTIVAL

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FOR FALL

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[illegible]



HAL KETCHUM

Though Hal Ketchum *used to* be mainly a country singer, he's been making up for lost time. Born in the Adirondack town of Greenwich, New York, Ketchum (left) moved to Texas (where so many of country's biggest acts have their roots and, for that matter, their pain) in 1976 and finally arrived in Nashville in 1990. His first LP, *Four*, the *From the Heart* series, with its downy, hoarse, "Small Town Saturday Night" mellowed his storybook-at-heart songs as one of country's latest new acts. Ketchum's new album will be released in September.

Real decision: leaving police and navy band to chase by Phil by Ralph Lauren.

RICKY VAN SHELTON

Even Ricky Van Shelton's hometown has an authentic country ring to it: Ohio, Virginia. But Shelton (top right) had to leave Ohio behind (though not surprisingly to make it to country music). And when *Wild Eyes*, *Dream* (Columbia), his debut album, immediately went platinum, the smooth-sounding Shelton knew he'd made the right choice. An all-star performer, Shelton is one of country's most widely respected acts, so it's no surprise that his latest album is titled *Naked* (Columbia). A promise that album is planned for the fall.

Green: quieted music jacket with leather collar by Kim by Kira. Blue: cowboy shirt by Tommy Hilgert. Hat by Ketchum.

TRAVIS TRITT

Not simply Texas' best (bottom right) is better: it's country music. He's more proud. Tritt, five-time album, *Country Club* (Warner) and *It's All About Me* (Warner), both went platinum and produced some mainstream singles, including the hard-rocking and wonderfully titled "Honor a Quarter (Call Before We Can)" And all this before his double-disc birthday. Tritt is just as a singer, he might have to start wearing a cowboy hat just to shade his eyes.

Light brown: cowboy jacket by Robert Clements.





CLINT BLACK

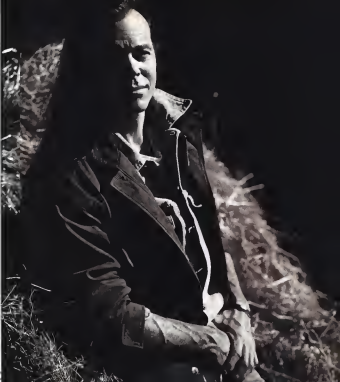
If Chris Black (left) didn't already exist, Entertainment Tonight would have to create him. The great guy in the black hat. That sycophant smile. And, of course, there's Lee Remick, Blair's wife of nine months. As for Mark's mom, it's classic country-bling southern wit, pithy and precise. *Julius*, and these broad, heart-breaking lyrics. Black's first two of them "Kiss" Time (RCA) and "No Towels" in My House (RCA) were platinum and a shot LP. This Hard Way, we're told, this month.

Black code pulled by Mustang
Navy course pulled down by C-7
Company jump by Wagon
Buck to Round.

KEVIN WELCH

With looks more suited to a hard-rock band and a more streamlined set of tunes (and a few funkier ones up to tempo), *Kissin' With* (apparently) is clearly an original country act. His *greatest hits* *you like them here* that he adds to his long-running efforts—*all* clearly written by or for such acts as the Judds and Ricky Skaggs—he had a unique sound, pure country, pure rock, pure folk. His following alone, *When One Kiss Happens*, delivers some of the same, and with all that other impressive crossover, *all* likely to be remembered along time.

Olive anodized jacket with stainless-steel collar by Tommy Hilgert. Green jacket by Hugo Boss.



(ON LOVE, SEX, AND DANGER)

As we were hunting the bushes for new writers to include in this issue, a metaphor just happened to fall out. Budding writers, we thought, often appear first in underground magazines and small presses. Give them a little nurturing—writing programs, journals, conferences, or retreats—and their reputations, or say nothing of their ego, start to grow. Next thing you know they're the greatest thing in God's green world. For those who haven't caught on yet, we're happily external at this gardening metaphor (they've internalized it into the general) in the following two pages to explain where the new literary talent is coming from. Here's much in your eye.

—WILL BETHUNE, ROSE HILLS

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TO WHERE BUDDING WRITERS
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IT'S NO BED OF ROSES

THE TREES
The Atlantic Monthly Press
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New Brunswick, N.J.
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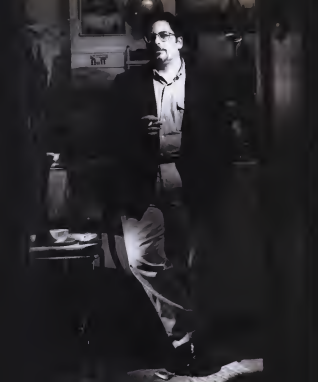
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MY MOTHER'S LOVER

BY VINCE PASSARO

Vince Passaro, thirty-five, grew up as an only child in Great Neck, Long Island, in the apartment described in "My Mother's Lover." When his mother died, and soon afterward he drove into Manhattan to

attend Columbia University, "where I came of age in a time that didn't touch us to be very authentic." He's lived in the city ever since. The fiction he wrote in college he describes as "liberal and sentimental and awful."

I know I would turn thirty before I would be much good." He married his wife, Beth, also a writer, when he was twenty-five and they now have two children, with a third expected any minute. During the recent collapse in

real estate prices, Passaro composed his stories in the vacant apartment that a friend couldn't afford, but now he's back to working in the living room of his family's Upper West Side flat. "Staying, sharing, children don't

bother me," he says. To help keep his family afloat, he teaches part-time at Hofstra and reviews books for *Ms.* and *Newsday*. "The money comes through with just enough frequency to keep us out of jail."

I WANT TO TELL THE TRUTH about my mother but what's the truth? She married late and badly and died when I was eighteen and her youth is the hope of my imagination. I can barely see her as young—by the time I was old enough to distinguish her, to take in her life as something separate from mine, she was weary and ill and sadder than I knew how to admit, not living exactly but going on. She had me, I was what she lived for. We shared a small apartment with my grandmother, who sat in the corner room of the city-renting television looking out the window, with the passing scenes more readily absorbed and more

lived. It was an atmosphere of Irish fancy and grief, crowded with heavy furniture and lace doilies on which sat an occupying army of figurines, small glass jars, delicate unworkable objects from the past.

My mother was devoted, which was quite a feat in those days, a life-making scandal. Our home's permanent, cluttered insurance didn't have so much to do with death as with old fancy and disease. I found things hidden in drawers, photographs, old postcards, and notes and *Playbills*, evidence of my mother's freedom, her working days in New York. She had gone out on those days, to play and restaurants and parties, she'd known whole rooms of people whose names could bring to her face a look of shy and joyful pleasure. Such people, it seemed to me, might have been among the powers that saved her. But I never really knew when she talked about those times, which was rarely the only talk about the other people, never herself. She lived, I think—the last nearly by not saying things.

She talked a lot about Phil Schatz, her old boss, or at least she talked about him more than she did anyone else. Especially when I was younger, probably too young to hear most of it to understand things, she told me what a good doctor he was, how smart, how kind and funny, and how occasionally bad-tempered too—he kept

Vince Passaro in his apartment in New York's Upper West Side

everyone in the office afraid of him with his following tantrums. She had a special relationship with Phil Schatz; he never showed at his law that day. He requested her, she was bright and pretty and efficient and sharp-tongued herself; she would give as good as she got.

He had to take her to restaurant for lunch. She began at his secretary but later became a kind of assistant, which meant he could invite her out to discuss business. When they usually did meet, it was now and then on the people eating out there. The people became whom she was of some consequence because money. And I learned in a matter of a few days my mother and her boss in close, silent, or clanging talks. My mother at twenty-two, but due near her face. Her dark complexion, her fine language, her dirty jokes and lemons. My mother, with tall, table legs and silver, a body beside her body in restaurant, almost, abashed, listening. My mother and an employee, dangerous man.

PHIL SCHATZ WAS HUNGRIER to the degree he was important. He first, with rough features, might have been considered handsome or vulgar-looking but it was also shown so much of his intelligence and confidence and success. He wore beautiful suits, as Peggy thought he did, she was not real polite. With my eye of the office with him, once Forty-Fifth Street and into the cold depths of winter, she the secretaries just as and people walking along in the December early darkness with their hands and bags, Peggy had what she thought of as "this Christmas feeling," a kind of electrical buzz, as if someone had put in her a shot of something without her knowing. The year was not yet over, but the boys were back from the war and housing was still so short. She was happy. She liked her job, she liked her life connecting from Detroit and the big house on Elisha Road, where she and her sister and mother had moved from Brooklyn one year before, so her mother could take care of Auntie Mary, who was faithless now and confined to her room on the third floor. The head Phil Schatz for taking her out to drinks, and the even then the deep blues in a sharp reminder of the holiday and just arriving winter. Phil took her to the French Café. She was one of the high-kicking bachelorettes with a Manhattan on the rocks, she had a wonderful feeling about herself—she was twenty-two and slender, in her latest dress, a gray wool headscarf from Berni, with a collar and big black buttons down the front, she had green eyes and her legs—she was filled with a sense of herself that was dramatic. Phil's hand reaching her on the side, his big hand reaching her underneath, they were real but they weren't, in a sense, they were just thoughts, emotions of her momentary desire. She was in this in the way she felt, and anger too, a bit of spiteful wonder. She missed the boy and the boy would probably miss the way as well, and she was surprised by how little she cared.

A couple walked by the table—the man was big and the woman small, she walked a bit on her heels in the tap-and-look the table behind Peggy's eye, the boutique Phil paid the waitress, he had an quality

but Peggy saw it and then the waitress came and he ordered another round, three drinks. The first two drinks had made her feel wonderfully confident or powerful or in some safe. She liked Manhattan because of the speed awareness of the waitress and the chrome and cherry, which rolled down to her work as she finished the drink, asked to bring, luxurious. The seventh drink in the French Café had little less left in it, and she finished her with her tail from room to time, making it so subtle smile. "Thinkable," she said, like a funny little thing.

Not long after the drinks came, Peggy realized that the man and woman in the booth behind her were talking about going to a hotel together, their voices carried along the wall and around the bar-queens with a special clarity. Phil, a connoisseur of conversation, a devoted voyeur, regarded like a stinging mirror what found his mother told. He pushed her head forward over the table and aimed his right ear over Peggy's shoulder. The fact was a Midge in profile—long shiny nose, narrowing lips, broad pale cheeks, high forehead—she was with a head of anything good, or not great, mother, but evidence, a look that said she was in the office, when he was wearing something. For Peggy, an Irish girl born in Brooklyn, sharp as a tack but too worldly than the second, she was the same woman she did ever had—Phil's head, the smell of his shoulder, the company in his small, dark eyes, she would go to his hands on his head and rub it, like a ball. Really she just wanted to put her hands on him, on what he felt like. She had drunk enough and was happy enough that there seemed to be no sense at all between the taking of things and the experiencing of them, something she would be had a lot of.

"What's the name of this place again?" asked the woman behind her.

"The Wellington," the man said, "thirty-four-thirty-eight." It was like a woman's voice, unpleasant and commanding. Peggy couldn't imagine going to a hotel with a man with a voice like that. "The Wellington," Phil said, his voice low and playful. "Just, when a romantic guy." The same date as many things to Peggy, a way just a place she'd seen one of the most times.

"The door is open," the man was saying. "You know how to get through the lobby you know. Get on the elevator and ask for the French there. Look like you know what's what and nobody'll bother you."

"Sounds like you've done that before," the woman said, looking a little, a pause in her voice. Peggy thought, less of protest than of concern.

Phil wagged his head at Peggy and whispered, "Hey, no way, you're the first lady," Peggy added but she was shocked too of the way men in and as the way they were almost in love they be.

From behind, like an echo, the man said, "No, no, no, it's all—I just know my way around, that's all," and she and Phil almost broke out laughing, they barely kept it in, squinting in their eyes, and there was Phil's head again. The snuffed laughs and shifting around his good, a little like a high school lord of moment that Peggy could understand. Phil's knee was driving a wedge under her right thigh, which was raised over the left. She knew that as he squeezed her legs his knee would be there in her crotch. Her back was all over, she was sure of it in the way you get more of an affair, go more in and you feel like

less. She had guessed she knew what was on in the world, but only she had only known what she'd hoped and suspected. Lots of many of the Irish she'd grown up around, she had a Latin appearance in other people's eyes and a given face of her own.

"And what're we going to do up there, play checkers?" the woman asked. The man laughed.

"We'll have a couple of drinks," he said. "Put on the radio and dance to our rocking fire."

"Dance?" Phil said. "Rocking fire?"

WITH THE COUPLE LEFT, Peggy saw the man pick a proprietary hand under the woman's elbow—he was wearing a black, chiseled suit and brown shoes. His moved past with a swift masculinity, maneuvering the woman toward the coat check. He was a good-looking, broad-shouldered, dark-haired man.

"Come on, Phil, answering a question on one hand and Phil had a sudden vision of the hotel room, the bed, the sheets, for some reason the man's long, broad feet, his brown shoes toppled on the floor below. A bit the second shoulder, a rumor. As the couple passed along the last row of tables, Phil wanted to watch them, eyebrows raised, and there was something more and awful in the pleasure he took in them, the word again came was Peggy's mind. The woman was short and a bit round, a brunette. She looked like one of the girls from the momentary post-Peggy had developed a strong sense of the social distinction between girls in the pool and executive women. The man took the man from the coat-check girl, his movements large and precise, and his face opened a look of grim satisfaction. Peggy watched him pull on his gloves. He looked twitchy, nervous, and too strong, he looked dishonest, he looked like a tyrant.

"You're staring," Phil said. He put two fingers against his eyes, he said, staring like that toward her. "Don't be so stupid," he said.

"The lady," Peggy said.

"We'll go home," Phil said. The words played a kind of poise in her, she didn't dare look at her watch. What happened to all that courage, all that pleasure in herself, the world, that wild, flared, broad-shouldered man? The woman came with another round. Phil asked for more. Then he lifted his full glass and looked at it. "Here's to our drink," he finally said. "Take our good friends may have in many ways."

Peggy read her glass. "I'll drink to the laundry coming in," she said.

"Where do?" Phil asked.

"I said, I'll drink to the laundry coming home."

"I don't get it," Phil said.

"It's an expression," Peggy said. "Indicating, I guess, a willingness to celebrate any occasion."

"An Irish expression?" Phil said.

Peggy repeated her drink, her lips as quiet as the liquor just drinking it in another place. As first it was cold and sweet, and then she felt the heat of it going down. "Oh, huh," she said.

"Here's to you, huh?" Phil said, "that just don't drink?" His face finally had a look, robbery quality that made it visible and commensurate, a winning landscape of emotion, but right now it was dark.

"Yes," Peggy said.

"Why is it?" Phil said.

"I don't know," Peggy said, "Maybe the same reason they don't eat pork, they know it's bad."

"You a Jew?" Phil said. "I drink, I eat pork, I guess that makes me bad."

"You're not bad," Phil said. "You just don't feel Jewish?" "Oh, I feel Jewish all right," Phil said. "You should see me in Tropicana, no forgotten to buy a suit. Bring Jewish right now?" he put him in there. Peggy read nothing. "What is it," he said finally, "is that you never forget? You buy a suit, you have a drink, you go to a play, whatever you do, you cooperate with the larger world, the life life, the games, and you think, Why am I alive?"

"Why me, why am I not dead?"

"Oh, that's every," Peggy said.

"It's not every," Phil said. "That's a bit."

Actually, Peggy knew it wasn't every.

"You got through it, but it's not every," Phil said. "And you think that is the unbearable pain—just to keep going to work, Oh, Phil, I don't care about the Jews. No matter what happened, I'll go on. Just living this life, doing all the same things. I don't care. If I saved I wouldn't be here. The man a Jew, not anymore."

Peggy traced lines on the tablecloth with the tip of the needle work, looking a little up at the bell made only a muffled, small and not out of the scuffed shoe. "You can't figure out these things, why are people like now and some body else later, why lightning strikes one house and not another, or house, why you missed your seat on the Titanic, or whatever. The last on your head are numbered, but it's not a wonder you're ever going to know."

"I'm going to know it soon," he said, "the way things are going. The number's going to be there." The woman came and Phil said, "We have to get something to eat, have you looked in the menu? A little get the yourself," Peggy drank this much without caring and you'll go into a coma," Peggy looked at it and shook her head.

"You order," she said.

She ordered steak and white rice and Peggy moved for them the waitress came by with another couple and seated them at the table behind Peggy. Peggy caught only a glimpse of them.

"Another?" Phil said.

"Maybe they're married," Peggy said.

"Not likely," Phil said.

So that's all there was, three couples sampling. This third of an ahead and people getting right and serving on it in cheap hotel. There were no more houses on Elisha Road, no more of those pleasant gray-haired men on the train who struck up conversations with her and ended up taking care of their wallets and showing her pictures of their sons in uniforms, their daughters' wedding. They were all gone now, and nothing was left but the vulgar masses of Manhattan where broad-shouldered, dark-haired men put their hands on women. And the women did it back. It remained her.



IT WAS SOMEWHERE AFTER 10:30 when they finished dinner and left the tiny, overgrown eat-through-the-kitchen doors into a soft new pulsing of music, a good new melody or more. Puggy's heart just sank away. Why would it be in Greenwich now, as never? A lullaby?

"Look at that!" Phil said, obviously full of pleasure. He meant the beauty and surprise of it—the theater lights along Seventh Avenue, the people walking slowly through the whiteness. A couple of cars rumbled by their fading lights off, and after that, no traffic at all. In that still moment, everything looked like a line photograph of itself, every musician, ordinary life, was a Dickensian Greenwich world, a richly detailed children's world, a dream-scene of shadowed better world that Puggy knew was a cheap lie. Phil gave his arm.

"I have to tell her," Puggy said.

"Don't be nervous now," Phil said in a low, sweet voice. It sounded as if he were talking to a horse. They found a phone booth, Puggy stepped in and Phil crowded in after, kind of lodged himself in and pushed the door shut. People started going by around. Puggy dialed the operator. She was really small, shorter than Phil's, was wearing of Miss in a braided brown wool coat, saw-toothed walking on his chest. The operator said the cell would be cheap ones. Puggy had new ones in his change pocket. "Do you have a dime?" she asked Phil. He pulled his glove off, reached into his coat pocket and took out a handful of change, at least a couple of dollars' worth, almost enough change to equal the money Puggy earned with his every day. On an impulse, she snatched up half of it.

"Here! Phil said, pulling his hand back, too late. "I thought you only needed a dime," Puggy said, the phone between his shoulder and his ear, she said at a cyclotron in time.

"All's fair in love and war," she said. She put two quarters in the quarter slot on the telephone and changed the rest of the change in her pants.

"Twenty cents credit," the operator said.

"Which is this, love or war?" Phil said.

The phone rang twice and Puggy's mother answered.

"Hello, Ma," Puggy said.

"Is it seven o'clock?" her mother said. There was a slight flying change to her voice that surprised Puggy, a loss of hysteria. "The lunch-chops were ruined and I spilled the pen oil over the floor and I had to use vinegar to get up the ink. Where are you?"

"I'm in New York, Ma," Puggy said. "Ma, I don't look so good."

"Of course it's raining!" her mother said. "There's terrible snow up here."

"Listen, Ma, the train might be slow or there might not be any. Don't worry about me."

"What are you going to do if there aren't any trains?" Kenny said.

"I don't know, we'll think of something," Puggy said.

"We'll think of something," Kenny said. "Puggy, that man has to go home to his family. Where will you stay? You haven't a scrap of clothes or a nightgown or a bed of soap."

"Don't worry, Ma," Puggy said.

"You could take the subway out to Brooklyn and stay with Lily," Kenny said. "Oh, I'll find a place calling her at this hour."

"I've got to go," Puggy said.

She hung up and turned her body into Phil's like thought her knees were going to give out, she needed some air. "Back up!" she ordered, and to his surprise, he did. She thought, Ma, I won't be sick, not here, she imagined the steering wheel at all the handouts and women of all belief on Seventh Avenue as they observed her love ones double outside the phone booth and opening. And there was the image of her mother, talking to her, Lily in Brooklyn, calling at 10:30 at night, as if her daughter could see there because she was drunk and stunk in Mary Kirk and Kory with a married Jewish man, her best friend, Phil, like a window, under the foggy sleep back to the nightmare of her own soul. She could not hear the thought of herself, could not hear it, could not hear it. Of all the things her mother had done, her mother had done, anyone in her circle of friends had done, no one had ever done anything like what she was about to do, at least not in the way she knew they walked. Her old shoes passed through the white snow like a living man.

"Let's go to a hotel, Puggy," Phil said and said.

Puggy said nothing.

"Let's go to the goddamned Willington," Phil said. The left hand slipped and caught himself in the new snow.

"No, Phil."

"We could have a couple of lightbills and start in our morning feed. Goddamn, dear, would you open? Wake up the party game. We'll never everybody. What do you say?"

"No, Phil."

"Let me tell you about places like the Willington on some West Fifty-fourth Street in Manhattan. Winter business. Many taxi cabs on a sparkling street bed. Overgrown, too. Forty hillsides who pump on the side. No, could find happiness in a place like that. Call down for me. Deepwater for weeks at a time. Let me tell you, Puggy, I feel very special about you."

"Please, Phil."

"I'm sorry," he said. He stepped and turned to her. "I'm sorry for speaking to you that way. I know it, I was talking about going, some change. Dirty, mean change that have lips like dancing in time unaccounted. Ma, woman, she's with you. If course, you're a Catholic and Catholics don't believe in stuff like that."

"It's not that we don't believe in that," Puggy said. "It's that we try not to do it."

"What happens when you do do them?" Phil said.

"We're sorry," Puggy said.

THE SNOW WAS FALLING UNSTEADILY and blowing off the overhangs and car roofs in long, upper double-gate gusts of wind. Puggy felt as if the wind that was small figure in a swirling, grey movie scene, a magnetic and long shot, rising in from over land, two people walking along towards the mountains, now blowing like white curtains, the wind a large, strong hand pushing them, whereas like a field, did not track along their legs and the shoulders of their coats.

And in a quiet and reasonable part of Puggy's mind, she was thinking of her mother, waiting there in her house without word, and of the music, pushing gently through her window, or perhaps not, perhaps unable to push through, moving in far north in King or New Rochelle or Greenwich. Or not moving at all, resting in the

long dark tunnel that descended slowly northward and came through-out again at the foot of the hill that topped out Harlem. What around her was a mystery, something she seemed to be acquiring, not now, tonight, to live with those things of herself and the world. That was to walk down Forty-sixth Street, the lights and doors, listening to the unaccounted confusion at the table behind her, across Puggy's unaccounted in the interest, or as she felt, but here she was doing those things, or perhaps they weren't, perhaps she was lying to herself, had always lied to herself, about what kind of person she was, perhaps she'd never met the end of goodness or made it out of the good child in her. They were walking toward Grand Central, so it was possible she would go home now, but even if there was a train, and she got on it, it would be too late, she knew what she had done and what she had failed to do. All this, the cold wind, the snow whipping against her skin like rain, herself and a man beneath the reflected light of the sweeping lampposts, her rambling sense of

randomness and freedom, concerned the person she had become, and everything else, what she called her own feelings, were really just the first stages of a motion, a picture. Caroline said.

"I'm so tired, Phil," she said. She stepped.

"Are you going to faint or what?" Phil said. He was her best guess, sympathetic but

containing. The car around her had turned into place and stopped. Her. He was putting her under arrest. She started crying, she just wanted to cry and cry like she did if she had everything she'd ever owned in some terrible snowy fire.

Inside her from the street below behind her, everything, swarmed through her nose. She stepped and the big exposure of his face would. He held her there.

"Twenty-four-five is the last time," she said finally. "If there is one."

"What time is it now?"

"Eleven thirty," he said.

"Eleven thirty," she said. "Oh well, oh well, oh well."

W HEN ARE THE MOTHERS? Puggy said. He was sitting in a low orange chair. Phil had taken his jacket off and was lying on out of the beds. "I don't know," he said. "A gentle man would get up and light your cigarette, although a gentleman might notice, as I

do, that you don't have a cigarette to light."

Puggy was looking for a match because the wouldn't quite remember the name of the hotel and it would be on the cover of the book. It wasn't the Willington, he had made sure it wasn't the Willington. They had been on the Hudson by then anyway. She had had to wait in the hotel coffee shop while Phil checked into a room. He was gone long enough for a fellow in a gray hat to begin staring at her, until the waitress came, a Greek, had come over and given her the man's check and said, "There go your friends" and the

man had left. She had been grateful for that. She didn't tell Phil about it. It was now, it was now, they had the room. She found the waitress, they were on the light table behind her. The name of the hotel was the San Francisco, that was right, like the Italian church on Third Avenue in Brooklyn.

"When I was a kid," she said. "The Italian friends went by, sometimes three or four cars filled just with flowers, then the buses, then thirty cars at the funeral parade, all big, dark, expensive cars. I thought the Italians must be few people, they had such beautiful horses."

"The Italian or the people?" Phil said, rising. He picked up the phone, asked a number he said. "You going to tell room service?" With the phone on his shoulder he looked as if he could go anywhere. He was the worst—the man best to order other people around. Puggy took a cigarette out of the pack on the table. Phil reached into his pocket, took out a pack of matches, lit one, and held it toward her, all the while muttering to keep the roomer away against his ear. That's the kind of thing men can do, she thought, or some can, without even thinking about it.

"You had matches all the time," Puggy said.

"I told you I was a gentleman," he said. Then he held his finger to his eye to steady her. "Look, he said to me the phone. 'Eaton Five-thirty. Look, I would you please send up a pack of Life's, a bottle of Carotene. Club, over glasses and some ice, and everything else.' He looked at Puggy."

"Orange juice," Puggy said.

"And orange juice," Phil said.

"And cinnamon toast," Puggy said.

"And some cinnamon toast," Phil said. "Two or three of that, a couple pack. Anything else?" Puggy took his head.

"That'll be it, Miss Gray." He hung up.

"Whenever we had a need to spend," Puggy said, "the other kids would buy candy or potato sticks but I would buy a pack of Life's and a pack of Life's."

"You loved packs," Phil said. "What your mistake?"

"And Italian friends," Puggy said.

"Italians are fine-looking people," Phil said.

When room service came Phil kept the key behind the door, took the tray from him, and paid her without letting him into the room, men, during the dance of civilization and power, Phil would keep his modest in the rest of the world, preserving from him his hillsides even his father said. He brought the man in and they sat on either side of the writing table and ate. Phil had a whiskey. Puggy drank the juice.

"We need more cinnamon toast," Puggy said.

"Do you want me to call down for more?" Phil said. "They charged me a buck for that, can you believe it? A buck for toast?"

"No, no more," Puggy said. "It's so late. So late."

They were quiet then. It lasted long enough for a man to come the next thing would be important. Finally, Phil said. Bring him down that Puggy said. She would not show him that. She stood too.

"I should go," Phil said. She thought about her nose, the nose-

MY MOTHER'S LOVER: VINCE PASSARO

ing car they'd owned together, the trips they'd taken, two young women, alone, people through they were not, but they were everywhere, so far. This is the thing they both been afraid of: One day, at the morning, some man they had never been afraid of a because it was outside the realm of possibility.

"What did you say?" Peggy said. She had lost the note of things.

"I said I should go," Phil said.

"You don't sound very convinced," Peggy said.

"I'm not," Phil said.

"It's all right, Phil," Peggy said. "You can stay." How difficult it was for her to say that was the price she was willing to pay for not being left alone with death, in that place. That's what his mother and her sense of alone were worried away for not for any saving rule, not for any unchangeable passion, but to avoid a certain kind of unacceptable solitude, the prospect of strangeness and pain. She stood there thinking about that for a while, for what seemed like quite a long while, really, many minutes, although it wasn't and she knew it wasn't, but it was a little while anyway, and everything was quiet. And then she did a peculiar thing. She took her dress off. She had been standing by the bed, and she was very very tired, and taking her dress off seemed the natural thing to do, in the bedroom, ready to go to sleep, standing by the bed. To her, there was an enormous chain of time between where she'd said to Phil, "You can stay," and when she took her dress off. In her mind, the two weren't related at all. She lay down as her sleep and marriage and that felt good, and then Phil was long down beside her.

She was a Republican—that's what she found herself thinking—she had never been able to stand Kennedy, though he was an officer and a gentleman, she was a Republican for the same reason the suspect. Phil was a Republican, because that was the only thing to be something that set her apart from the rest, thoughtful, unpretentious, thoughtful Irish in her family. She was a Republican and now look at her: in a hotel room with a Jew. Phil was remarkably light, getting into the bed. She would have figured a man like that, all rough talk, paganism, high-spirited, would be more clumsy, bring more noise and momentum to the thing, always right in there, but he lay down with the delicacy of a child. And then she had to laugh. How the hell should she know who should lie down like that?

"What are you smiling about then?" Phil said. She was lying on her back, looking at the ceiling, and he was on his side with his arm across her, his hand caressing in between her hip and her ribs on the far side of her, gripping her the way you would if you were about to shake someone lightly awake.

"I'm very impressed," Peggy said. "I'm wiser in the ways of the world, though I may not look it." She laughed again, more like a cough than a laugh, her shoulders rose and fell. Phil's hand was gripping up her side, over her arm and over her shoulders, as if with their little jump just done, they had spoken up to get her attention. Peggy closed her eyes and saw a crowd, hundreds and hundreds of people at word come going by and banks of telephone booths and long lines of people waiting to use them. There were such long lines during the war, and her mother had stood in most of those. One time she had waited an hour or more on a cigarette line, she didn't smoke but her daughters did, and cigarettes were short, except when she made it to the front and the man offered her one or

more, she'd said, "Oh, there's not my daughter's brand!" and left without having any. Someone would say that one.

Phil was looking her over. "I want a cigarette," Peggy said. His face was rough on her skin, his head like a little baby squaring on her shoulder. She thought about Christmas—a woman lying like this, naked and dead in a strange place, holding the blind sucking infant. "Phil, the cigarettes," she said. He reached behind him to the nightstand and grabbed the pack and reached and handed them to her. He reached all around toward the back of her neck, under her hair. She put a cigarette in her mouth with her free hand, the other one she had to wiggle out from under him to light the match. She ended up turning toward him then, pressing her chest, hugging him, really, and it felt awfully good to be against him. She reached her arm around his head and lifted his mouth and a gland beyond the line of his skull like a bomb going off over a dozen, black horizons. His large hand—made her think of the earth. Phil brought his hand around, under his chest, across her chest, to the other side of her neck, she drew smoke from him. Lips and hands, his big finally up where it had been trying to go all night, between her legs, under her dress. With his weight on her and his legs retired with him, she finally understood the embrace of the sea. She had always secretly feared about this, anguishing her wedding night, as if making love would be a sort of her anguishing cigarette, at which she had come.

"Fascist," she whispered.

"What?" Phil said.

"This is preposterous," she said. She raised herself slightly, tilted the cigarette out at the subway, and lay back down. She held his head, she loved his head best. He kissed her. Her eyes closed, she felt herself falling into soft waters, air falling and falling. Phil started to pull at her hip and she had a moment's panic, a rush of terrible pain, it made her lean back. But it passed, her movement moved from the largeness of air to the largeness of money, as if it were coming up far air, seeing the world for the first time. She was lying. And she felt something like too, something to be so in the place. She felt as if she understood the dark earth, she knew what it was doing. To her it was a line, determined and—against, wary and slow, opening in vast silence around the single light that glows in it.

THAT'S ALL I CAN SAY. What I know of her love, her deepening sadness, her wisdom of men, and her devotion to her mother, it might have begun that day or later she admitted Phil Schatz. I know that much, so if she felt badly afterward, she felt badly about herself and not him. My mother probably recognized by nature that Phil Schatz was not certain of himself, too terrible, too likely to succeed on a grand scale for her to ever do it. Despite her Republicanism, the grand scale was not the scale she cared for. She had an enormous nervous to false gods and systems and a keen appreciation of the Phil, and the god he loved eventually to a much younger man, a more obviously vulnerable and kinder man—a game winner, Phil Schatz would have called him, though he was more than that. He was my father. I was a year-and-a-half old when they split up. The next looked at a man after that, as far as I know, though she was only thirty-one. She stayed with her mother, went to mass every Sunday, and married me. The sadness I was given, she did. ■

GUESS WHO?



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REFRESHING





W I P E O U T

BY THOM JONES

"The key moment in Thom Jones's writing life is for sure on your age when he took Ray Conner's advice and became a night writer at a high school in Lucy Washington. 'We said it was a great job, you could get your work done in two hours and then do

whatever you wanted.' At first, Jones spent more of his nights writing for the machine than writing, and writing, a health bill did lead, usually to a drinking problem. 'I read in Illnesses a World where a couple of hours a day would be good for

you, so I started drinking a couple of times.' After he died out and brought a computer, the screen started to come out of the first being 'Wipeout.' A Marine Corps veteran and Jones' house, the first seven years old Jones grew up in Austin, Texas—'Yeah, that's

right, the house of Wipeout's World.' His married his wife Sally after he had found—he had badly—was killed in Vietnam. He attended the Iowa Writers' Workshop in the only time, worked in an art copy store and a newspaper

and himself around the world with his wife before that first child was born. If he's a good man myself in spite, he got wrong completely for seven years. 'Wipeout slips kill me,' he says. 'For a long time I had more about that persistence.'

I BELIEVE IN THE PHILOSOPHY of rock 'n' roll. Like, "If you want to be happy for the rest of your life, don't make a pretty woman your wife." I mean, who can refute that? Can Immanuel Kant refute that? How can you refute that? I mean, really. Any guy knows this is true, even a shallow, superficial guy like me. Of course, I think almost all women see pretty. You have to make them feel special, make them have the best day of their life, and what woman doesn't look good on the best day of her life?

Doesn't get me wrong, I go for the really pretty ones, but it's all like in cycles like the phases of the moon affect my style, or something. I mean, I can go out looking like I've got a stratified existence in my pocket that I'll get laid and come home empty, especially in those premenstrual times of AIDS. Whenever I'm having a dry spell, I don't really push myself unless you have to take it slow and know your limitations. You have to know what they want and how to treat them. You have to make them come to you and

you just can't get emotionally involved. I mean, it's her ball game when you do that, when you start having pet names, knowing one another's favorite color and the stars springing from conversations on you. The next thing you know, you're deeply, with all that responsibility. You have to play that non-involvement theme, and work that. Give them a little James Dean or Montgomery Clift or a little Rudolph Valentino cruise, and when they know they can't own you, they want you all the more and you're the victor. It's very simple. It's just a matter of style. And in this age of Prince and Michael Jackson, allowing the style of the old masters (signals of originality and flair. Rent a bunch of old movies. Check out some Jimmy Cagney, you'll see what I mean.

Anyhow, I was having a dry period. [They aren't laid if they're short, but you get to thinking about your life and all that when they cheat and you don't want to dwell on this kind of thing for long. It can make you miserable.] I was overcast, horny, and looking for a sign.

I changed my environment a little and started having the new library at handhome. It's a good place, lots of brother-sister workers running the games from research assistants to assistants. You can find young ones fresh ones there, and at one sitting heads in another, on the second of tomorrow I spot a likely prospect, a brown-eyed girl—medium height, nice figure, no responsibility sign, looks damn sharp, she'll be just about right, I prefer blondes, but she'll do.

For me my head down, like I'm reading, but I'm really watching her through a pair of dark Fendi sunglasses from my past near the card catalog. I'm wearing a twelve-hundred-dollar Italian suit and standing there with an air of European elegance



Thom Jones, in Lucy Washington, with daughter Jennifer and dog Shelby



THE VICTIM

BY KEVIN CANTY

Having spent the years from age 15 to 19 in anything but sunny or idyllic at the University of Montana, Kevin Canty had never been one to just let the rush of time pass. But seven years ago, when he was thirty-two, he realized that if he was going to be a writer,

he'd better get working. Still, about "all the usual writer's ritual things" in doing working as a gaudy dancer in the cabaret, playing blues guitar in Blaine's bar bands, and—the nuts of his preferred life choices—pursuing papers for Mar-

vinde Canty. In fact, he'd worked at just about everything but fiction. So he sold his shorts in a second-hand business and hustled work, with his wife, the photographer Lucy Caplan, in study at the University of Florida's writing program.

He remembers laughing in the weeks (Edgitt Press) inches are coming, drinking beer, saying that he'd really like to get published, "to get the monkey off my back." Well, then, Pauline. "You might be writing better stories." The

"Victim" a head on an occasion her brother and a friend once had with a drunken lager who took them back to his table. "They did drink movies out of cans," Canty says, "but the rest is my own delirious imagination."

Telephone Service

TETHERED TO HER STATION by a coil of beige plastic, a tiny microphone in her mouth, voices in her ears, she feels her body become part of the machine after the first few minutes of work, the type of work machines do better anyway: "Reservations this is Tina how can I help you?"

The clock starts running in town as she picks up the coil, a minute forty-five seconds to service them and on to the next, and the next, and so on. The machine looks out her coverage at the end of every working day. She's been running slow, one long night, one fifty-one. My teenage (the human face of the machine, friendly and round, Tina expects it might be gay) has already apologized for missing that. "When is it?" he asked her. "Is something wrong? You've always been our champion."

"You was to think of when she might say something her own words."

The Times

A N EAGLE, wings outstretched over her troops, with a scolding, a mother caught in the rain. The tail of the eagle winds around her arm and down to the web where inside her elbow. The colors are

vivid, red and green, he's only had a few months. Tina knows (remember how they love with her mother's little hand, running on the black stage in a black shawl) that if today's long enough, her father will turn blue and fade and back as well as the rest of them, all the old men blue tuxedos draped across the world's den of recent nations and nations and ages.

But this prospect of age doesn't seem, to Tina, much worrying about. She can't imagine how any way but young, as if on some future not too distant birthday her skin will split, red and open and some new species of belly will surface, a different animal entirely.

The Doctor

LACING HER PORTLAND AND THE CHINESE BREAD, he says, "There's more to life for them to work."

"You want me to wear these everywhere?"

"Everywhere."

With a salt, scuffed grin, he has her right arm snug into the breast, two women reinforced with a hollow metal ring that runs along the inside of her arm from her elbow to her palm. They lace along the back, a long, tidy march like the lines of human bones. When he's finished with both, Tina stands up, holding her arm before her. The breast holds her palm open, off her wrist slightly back so that she holds her hands toward the doctor like Jesus vulnerable, welcoming (the doctor of the suffering bloody hands and the black face of Jesus in her childhood church the wounds much more expressive than the mouth, the eyes).

"I wear these everywhere," she says again. "Even to work."

"I'm telling them at work to give you a break for a week or so

Kevin Canty with Bruce and Zee in the backyard of his Tucson, Arizona, home

Come back on Tuesday we'll do some range-of-motion tests, then we'll see."

"You what?"
 "If you ought to go back to work," he says, and gives her a small, a very private, smile. "I know you love your job," he says.

Her Body

WHERE THE STAFF IS accidentally changing clothes or bathing, her body looks plain, soft, arbitrary, less more than anything else, a blank white—black in paper, an empty space to fill in.

She's scribbled on this napkin here and there, scribbles in her left ear, two in her right. She's shaved her legs and dyed her hair blond and now black, dressed in leather and powdered herself full of pink and sugar and Bobby's cheap vodka, trying to write a new version of herself—I am, says, I am damaged, but under the clothes is all ways this black place, dark, almost, like the black white back of a paper boat, into which boys come from outside.

Black Overcoats

BLANCH, BEHIND THE GRAY PLYWOOD as if possible once the beach, the ocean bays and shore. An intermittent moon glows between the slow-moving clouds, disappears out at the right. Tina knows the darkness of the water more than the darkness of the sky, and if she looks her head level enough she may even see the sun set in the dark, somewhere black like the horizon.

"Bobby," she says "Bobby, I want to go home."

"What's wrong, baby?"
 "I'm not looking."
 He wants to raise himself, confess his eyes from the sea and gaze at her. He says, "I didn't think you were looking."
 "It's too cold to swim."
 "So, Cuddles," he says. "I would have told you. We didn't have to swim all the way over here to find out."

"I like diving with you."
 "Then," he says, "you're fucking me."
 In these black overcoats they have against a piling, soft red under them. Bobby drinks from his pants, offers it to her, knowing she won't take it, then takes himself her, making her head feel hard and his pocket. A cigarette. His face is outlined in the glowing light that falls from the headlight light above them. Then, Tina thinks, the eyes of a Deleuzian. She knows it's not art.

His Body

TINA FEELS HIS BODY, interesting in itself. Incredibly thin, he is not only young and lean, but also not so much not quite so thick, and he holds his breath all day for a men's service. This thin is thin, almost, and his muscles ripple slightly under it as he moves. All she's feeling has given her rest, power, light. His legs are as full as a woman's but rest, they were and his chest are less developed, not weak but thin. The way his pale torso rides on his heavy legs reminds her of a woman, half-Asian, half-white, she has seen them in movies, on the sides of ancient ships.

She sees something around him, something obscure in the way his neck supports his skull. He keeps his head nearly always in a black hard saddle, the center of where he has caught her, and through this shadow she can plainly see

the muscles of his neck, the points where his tendons attach, his torso bearing weight. She's really seen a naked head, there's something still, something about his face daily glance of him, even after three months together.

But when the members when he's gone isn't how he is but how he seems, solid, full of emotion. He seems to fill his body completely, while Tina's managed to remember only a very narrow of his own. And when he's touching her, even just accidentally or casually (as he does in the pocket again, his fingers wrapped around the rest of her of the breast) she feels his presence just out of him as fill the black, almost not at all.

Some nights she has to kiss him eyes a little for the sake to work.

Curly Fries, Hot Dogs, Skee-Ball, Mister Softee

TRIGGER THE HEADWALLS ARE DARK, dimmed, and the shops all shut behind their metal grates, the black by the headlights keep their look of bright rectangles. The cold salt beach of the ocean blows the night back and forth, clouds, in cream, cool, balloons. An audience of oversized stuffed animals peecher behind the signs of the shopping village, impressed and open, staring out through the metal bars at Tina and Bobby, who pass without seeing them.

The Accident

A DARK-YELLOW MONTH CAME ON INDIVIDUALLY in a pool of moonlight, cramped into the rear quarter of Bobby's beaten Volvo (Two cars on the whole street, it's like a joke, something in a fisherman's wrapper) Bobby starts to run as soon as he sees it, but the Moon isn't going anywhere, the driver watches from behind the wheel as Bobby catches the driver. The driver sees for Tina to crash up before he gets out of the car. How long has he been driving there?

"You fucking drunk," the driver says. "I'll tell you that right now. I'm sorry as shit about your car."

Bobby doesn't say a word, among the best result of his car with last about looks. Tina wonders what he's up to. The car is nothing to him, a two-hundred-dollar souvenir of the father's second marriage.

"Is this your car?" the drunk asks Bobby.
 Bobby's still drinking, but the car's still there. The night around them is loud with wind, and if the ocean didn't want any part of them, didn't even want to think about them. Tina's drink is wearing, but it's played synthetic parts and a black cloth jacket with a lot of straps and attachments, like the ones that get eaten into in movie scenes, although it Tina is against to one word, white.

"I tell you," the drunk says. "That white me right up. I was about falling asleep. Look, I can say you for you can—let's just do this please, okay?"

"What do you mean?"

"I give you a couple of hundred bucks, you drive away, we don't tell anybody about it. I mean, if I've got to breathe into the car, I'm going way downtown."

"What kind of money?"

"Like I say, a couple hundred bucks." He glances at the Volvo, wearing balloons, some (and) in the account of his glance Tina sees his contempt for the rest of them, how a

pool here is even told. "I mean, I'm sorry but we're not talking about dollar bills or anything."

"Is a couple cars," Bobby says.

"I could maybe go three hundred, close fifty. You'd best make up your mind, though, the cops show up, then don't make any difference to anybody."

"Then the fuck up," Bobby says. "I didn't run into your car."

A mistake. Tina drinks the sea. The sea is the night looking at the eyes of the drunk, bright for a moment, then falling into their heavy lids, pretending to be cheap like the kids but eyes and tears heavy against the face, leader of his car, which bows under his weight.

"All right then," the drunk says. "I guess we'll all just inhale and wait for the cops."

Tina Closes Her Eyes

PICTURES FROM HER CHILDHOOD, a sea of light, a quiet when the sea was still, when the grass in the park grew long and lush and green and her own mother her about her pony she was bounding and the wind blew through the leaves of the tall maples in the air, she and a friend like was earth, a new wave down, a new sky watch with a pink watchband.

A Light, Tricking Sunset

THREE TIMES Bobby asks "Is that what we're talking about?"
 The drunk smiles slowly. "I thought I and three hundred. I don't know, man, I'm drunk. He talks to say about some anything."
 "You want to be the first or next?"
 "Course I do—wouldn't you want to stay out of jail if you could? I only make sense."

But he doesn't budge, turned to the head of the blue Chevrolet while the ocean wind blows through the windshield and the telephone pole. He seems to be drinking something.

"Well, then," he finally says. He turns to Tina. "You need driving? I'm a little fucked up, but"

"Where are we going?" she asks.

"Wherever it says please. I don't carry that kind of cash with me, do you?"

Bobby says, "You don't tell me you don't have the money?"

"I didn't say I didn't have it," the drunk says, grinning. "I and I didn't have it here. Either way, though, any way you want it."

Tina sees a sinister turn to the conversation. Suddenly the drunk seems to be in control. Tina thinks that she would rather be anywhere than this late (long) for the uncertainty of work, of late years, the empty, alone light of the supermarket.

"What can I do?" Bobby says. "I'll follow you. How far away is it, anyway?"

"Over the river and through the woods, to grandmother's house we go," the drunk says. "The house knows the way to carry the sleep through the white and drifting snow."

"But the fuck up," Bobby says.

"Get into the car, get into the car, get into the car, then quickly turned for home, for home, for home, as his eyes close to half moon again, as he thrusts a money hand toward Bobby. "My name is Lyle," he says. "It's a pleasure to meet you."

Lyle

HE SHOWS IN THE TAINTED RED LIGHT, for and right, fumbling a little, out of the cramped pack on the dash. The inside of his car is like an ashtray with dust.

Over the River and Through the Woods

TINA KILLS THE MONTH CAME ON INDIVIDUALLY in the city at night. The road of the bumper, grade and speed, his Bobby's Volvo doesn't look any worse than before, really, and Lyle's not seems to be moving fast, though one of the headlights is pointed up into the night. As they sit out of control with Lyle's follow, the car's headlight is like the stars on the street right point and they all watch off, as if a curtain of darkness before.

"About four miles out, straight down this road," he says. "I'll show you before the town. Would you do that?"

Lyle sees his cigarette as her fingers in their brass.

"It's a work thing," Tina says. "Repeat, please, please."

"I thought it was something scary," Lyle says, blinking at her head, words. "You look like you're capable of it."

Tina smiles her grip on the wheel, turned out of her self pay into a strange place.

"I mean then it's a compromise," Lyle says.

The night is running by outside the window of the car, beach pines and surprised-looking oaks in the glare of the city headlights. The yellow center line runs under the car like blue smoke. When a moment later Tina says, "Where's a moment ago, Fort Ticonderoga? It's a moment ago, it's a moment ago."

Lyle says, "You're right, you're right. How about a Volvo, then, like an island of safety, bobbing down the broken road behind those connected by nothing more solid than the beam of the headlights. She begins to sit beside him on the dash again, she, the cigarette held straight down like a four in the morning while he sleeps beside her. The trail of the sea is all around them, soft music of the tides and the noise of running cars.

Lyle leans toward her and wants to kiss her, his finger from the heat of her throat, between her breasts and down the center of her belly, stopping before he could, leaving his hand near there. As their arms cross, she can't quite bring herself to react, and then it comes in her. Tina is his hand, she is his body.

"Get the fuck out of it," Tina says.

Lyle complies, in no particular hurry. "I didn't think you'd mind," he says.

"Do you want me to stop the car?" She sounds like a submarine rather than one to her own car.

"Don't worry," Lyle says. "But I don't think your boyfriend would be too happy about that, do you? We're talking about three hundred dollar bills, three hundred dollars of my money."

He reaches for a cigarette but the pack is empty. When he opens the glove compartment he finds a new pack, Tina says (he thinks she sees, in the light of the glove box, in the corner of her throat, in the moment before he starts the car, the car, the thing that makes her dry mouth and opens, a bright blue electrical sign).

"He's your boyfriend isn't he?" Lyle asks, fumbling with the cigarette. "Because I ask it, he looks like a dog, not a cat."

"Just shut up, okay?"

"I'm just making conversation, to pass the time. I don't want anything by it, you know. I don't have anything against Higgins even. I just like to know where I stand."

"Phone," Tina says, and the hairs behind her neck, and she knows he knows it. "Phone, just for a minute, don't talk."

"She can call him, as if it were eleven in the night or in broad, the line his finger traced down the center of her body."

She can call you, like a photograph pinned on her torso, the bright, silver memory of the hole gun the same or thought she saw, she can be sure, once the cigarette in Lyle's glow compartment. "This is our last time," Lyle announces. "Down, then don't read here. We're alone here."

Safety

DETROIT IN 1978: Sweeney. She decided that her mother lived. She felt, at a search for proximity from a dangerous world. What she called love was only an inability to take care of herself. When she said to Tina, "I love you, sweetheart," what Tina heard was "Help me, help me, help me."

Tina will never be like her, she's promised herself. But in their room of the main road, down a series of twisting sandy roads (sandy with car plant debris, again and again, through sandstone and copper of deep black soil, the ocean always near, as if they were following a very true sense obscure part of the human body), she watches herself smiling through at the narrow street and drinking unconsciously of how much she loves Bobby. She might turn a corner and he would be gone, without her ever having and goodbye. Sometimes like a black and white movie on late night TV.

At the end of the end of the road is a householder lying on an sofa or the road.

The Sudden Silence When the Engines Are Shut Off

TINA IS IT. Lyle says. Tina looks around, there's no place else she tells the engine. As Lyle goes on he turns to Bobby and says, "Leave your light on."

No business with the glove compartment, though. Tina notices at least he doesn't have the gun. In the headlights of the Volvo the women hear clamber up a wooden staircase alongside the grassy bottom of the trailer, then drag himself on top—what was once the house. He opens the screen door up and the house door down and leaves himself into the hall. In a moment the porch light burns to life as he goes up, before there are the silencing windows and Lyle's head disappears through the door, like a tank engine passing out his name. He pulls, "You coming or not?"

Standing next to Bobby in the damp road and neck ask goes, Tina whispers, "I don't want to, Bobby. This is a word."

"We don't have to," Bobby says. Tina, after a minute, "I could see the money, though. He's just drunk."

"He tried to feel me up the car."

"Well just go," Bobby says. "We'll just get the money and go."

Neither of them moves for a few seconds. Clouds have moved in and covered the moon, a low, soft light. Tina gets the feeling that the world ends at the first touch of the yellow porch light, an eternity of soft black nothing beyond, but then the house, in her own silent, quiet, the muffled rhythm of the street as far away. The yellow light the colors, answers theirs to itself of grey, and again the gun the black and white movie feeling, the last look at a

place where something happened. The world blossoms through the narrow door leaves with a sharp, malignant noise.

"We'll just get the money and go," Bobby says.

Sideways

PERHAPS the best in furniture is all sideways, sideways into side, loops, stairs, carpets on one wall and windows on the other, where a childhood map first. A row dangles from the ceiling, Lyle announces there is at a couch at right angles to the floor so they sit on the back and rest against the seat. One of the legs of the table that leads to the overhead door is resting on a poster of two nude girls on the wall at sunset, a splashing hand galloping through the shallow behind them.

Lyle reaches into the refrigerator, lying on its back on the floor, and pulls out a tin pack of little red and orange "Barnes" marmalade. He says loudly, "Marmalade can't I eat this?"

Before they can reply he turns downing one at them, one nearby has Tina in the hand that Bobby catches it. "She," Bobby says softly.

"We've got to go," Tina announces, to the room in general. She's long track of things: she's not even asked anyone, which she knows is not right. She can't stop anything in context. The ending in front of her, for instance, appears completely different now that it is presented to a wall.

Lyle smiles toward them through dishes and towels and pins of (perhaps) not movement, telling everyone when he goes, "Is not that I don't get a shirt," he says, "Bobby I don't."

"We need to go going," Bobby says. "Why don't we make this thing?"

"You didn't even read about this storm, I bet," Lyle says. "There's that faster right now."

"I've got to go to work tomorrow," Bobby says. "I've got to check in by nine."

"No you don't," Lyle says, suddenly sharp. "You don't have to be anywhere in the morning, or you wouldn't be here in the first place, Bobby's expecting you."

"That place is changing me out," Tina whispers.

"What's he going to do about it?" Bobby asks, annoyed. "That's like regular life. It isn't TV, it isn't the movies."

TV

THE REFRIGERATOR EMERGES from the back of the mobile home with what we now believe is the weapon in the case. It goes out of up above and looks now through her language, the weapon moving in the hallway under the temporary lights, the receiver dinging from his finger. He has one can tomorrow the incident.

Lyle's Eyes

HE TRAVELS DOWN from the hallway wall, down into the kitchen, and when he awakens up again the sun that he is holding the little chrome gun in his hand and that he is in open and that his big, old coat is out.

"Watch this," he says.

He holds the pistol both hands, the way they do on TV and from two halves the length of the trailer, two empty holes in the wall. "Nobody can hear us out here," he says, "not this time of year. Just so you know that."

There's so much to think about, the extraordinary size of his coat, like something from a different species, and the gun—where did he get it as it is the same one? Did Lyle get it somewhere—yet there is little more underlying personal. Lyle smiles quickly in. Tina wraps his first hand in her hair and from her to her knees in front of him, while keeping the gun on Bobby. "All right, girlfriend," Lyle says, "You can do it now."

A sudden, astonishing silence sweeps through her, the knowledge that this was all her fault, that if she had been smarter or stronger or somehow better that this would never have happened, and tears of fury and rage—right at herself, at her circumstances—begin to form in her eyes.

"You think I'm fucking kidding?" Lyle says, tapping her temple with the barrel of the gun. "Take it now, girlfriend."

"Leave her alone," Bobby says quietly.

"You want a first?" Lyle says, moving toward Bobby, and in his first Tina sees an acute realization of anger, a lifetime's worth, a million dollars' worth of anger. "I'll fucking give it to you first."

He smears Tina's hand aside, as if drawing her away, so briefly on the sofa next to Bobby and corners her into a head, one hand behind Bobby's neck, the other holding the pistol to his throat. As Tina's mind starts to clear (as movement, burning confusion of fear and anger and inability to make sense, still, she sees that Lyle's eyes are blank, and the underarms, for the first time, what people assume by mind says. He isn't using them at all, but a life's worth of tension and anger. This has nothing to do with Tina and Bobby.

"Just be so good, please," she says quietly. "We won't say anything."

"Then smother Lyle and further. "You think I'm fucking kidding?" he says. He smears the pistol from Bobby's neck and from another shot through the wall behind their heads, the floor, really. Tina's ears ring with the noise. "Now, come on," Lyle says, pressing the barrel to Bobby's neck again, pulling her head closer.

"This is like a dream, the drink, everything so clear and sharp, and terrible things are happening, and she can't move her arms or do anything about it, she can only watch. Bobby opens his mouth comically wide and takes Lyle's cock made him, the little gun glancing like an ornament at his throat. This composition of flesh seems impossible, comically wrong and yet there it is, the physical fact, and Tina feels that dated Madonna that comes from trying to hold one many ideas at a time. A flash of anger, at Lyle specifically or all the things he's showing her that she never wanted to see. New Bobby seems nothing more than an extension of Lyle's coat, a toy of Lyle's dream, there are moments in his choice as he starts to pump his hand back and forth, slowly, and Lyle's head out to back on the worn brown sofa cushion.

Tina takes the gun from his hand, it's so more complicated

than that, and puts the barrel into Lyle's mouth through his period, glancing left.

His hands fall off and clatter off to their right hand behind, and the rest quite powerless how she got the gun from him, or what this going to do next only the anger, her own anger this time. She's inside Lyle now. "I ought to fucking kill you," she says.

He looks at her around the hand that's holding the gun in his mouth, and his eyes are raised, hidden. Go ahead, if you can. Tina Lyle reaches for the gun, clatters in her left hand, and for a moment she thinks that it's got it and she sees it hold the right to keep it from him and somehow she gets the trigger control and against and Lyle's head explodes against the wall behind her.

Tina Closes Her Eyes

WHEN SHE Closes Tina's eyes, none of this will have happened, she'll be lying in her bed, alone, alone, alone to Bobby, watching television.

She can still feel the cool end of the pistol in her hand. Suddenly she remembers the spray of blood and brains across the stained carpet behind her head, and the whole and sounds on the floor, dropping the gun and screams again, as if she could easily herself out, become blank again. As if she could smother from herself this thing she'd done.

To the Rescue

CLOSE ON, again," Bobby says. "We'll get you out of here." One arm around her shoulder, he leads her blind to the kitchen, magazines rustling under their feet. Tina notices how quiet it has become, and how cold. There must be a window open somewhere.

Bobby sees her down, lying against the side of the refrigerator. When she opens her eyes, she can see nothing of the main part of the living room. Bobby is moving at the black yellow side of the refrigerator, then came to face him. "What the fuck did you do that for?" Tina's face.

"Foolhardy."

"Well I hope it. Tina thinks after all this. And then Bobby's hysterical noise in, and the man that he's abandoning her, and the first looks in, showing at the corner of his body. "You said," she says.

"I don't give a shit."

"She says, 'I didn't... I didn't want to, I didn't want to, but what the hell reason I didn't...'"

"I don't care," Bobby says. "He's fucking dead. Stay here."

"Where are you going?"

"The going to see if I can figure something out."

"Like what?" she asks suddenly moved with him, but he's already gone, left her alone in the dead man's sideways kitchen.

Lyle's Soul

TINA THINKS IT'S BAD ENOUGH to stay here, remembering what the kitchen said. The soul of the dead are always looking for a body to ride. They move from the houses of the dead. She remembers that from public TV.

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**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.**

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1 mg. "tar," 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.